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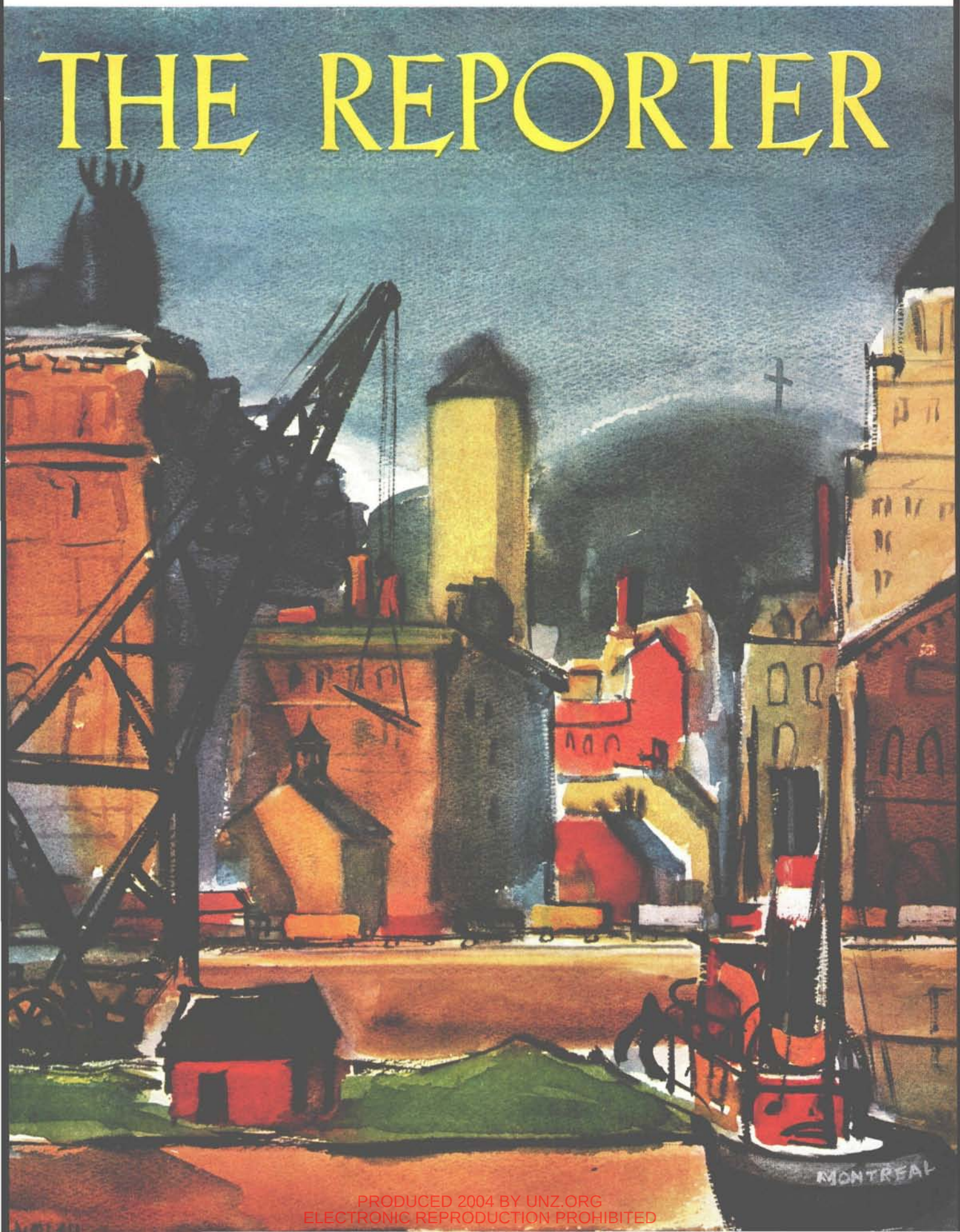
HOW WE STAND WITH THE CANADIANS (page 22)

THE REPORTER



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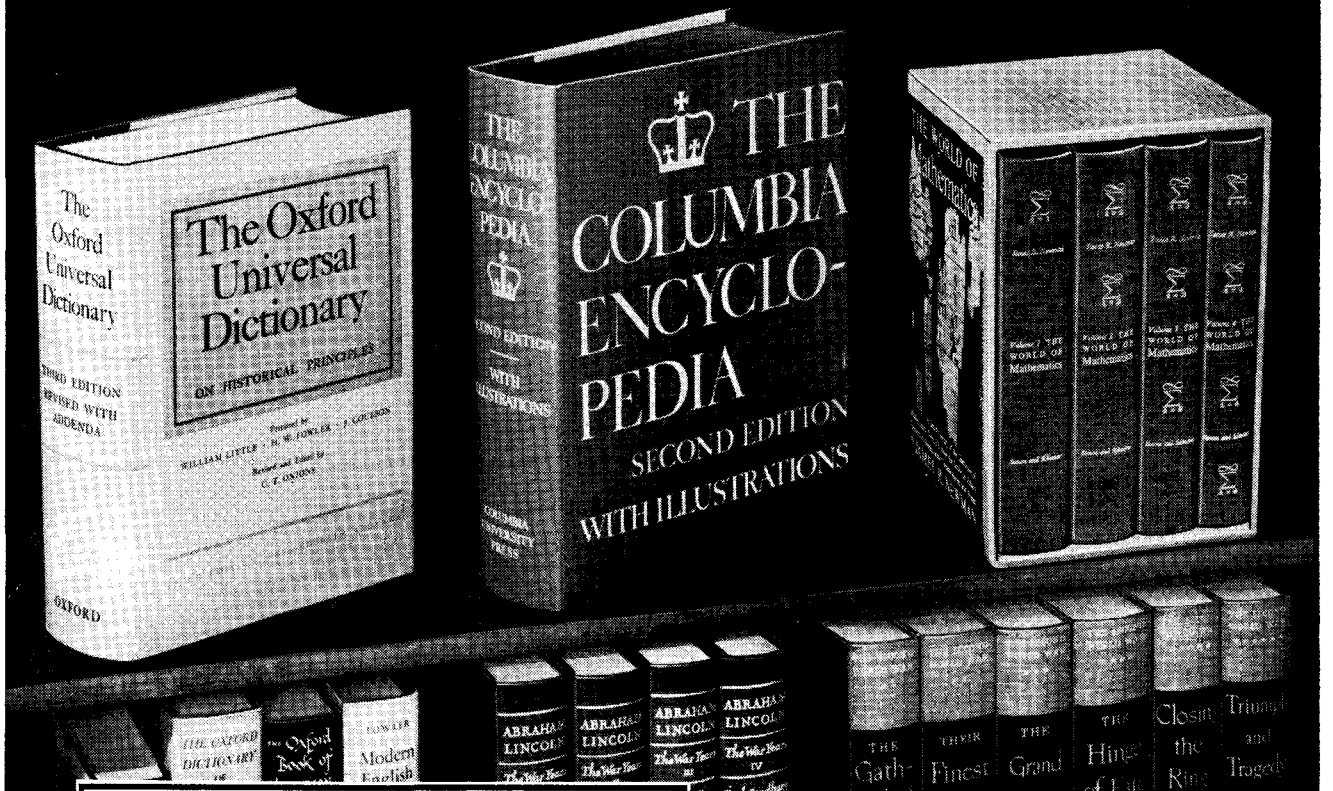

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Return to Algiers

Whether our State Department likes it or not, it is now involved in the North African mess. It cannot avoid using all its wits and resourcefulness to bring some order there—that kind of order which may ultimately benefit the Atlantic Alliance. The French government itself has accepted our offer of intervention in its dispute with Tunisia. The British, too, have volunteered to join us in this effort at reconciling the government of Premier Gaillard with that of President Bourguiba. But unquestionably, because of our leadership of the Alliance, the major role is ours.

We should have been playing this role of mediation and conciliation ever since the start of the Algerian revolt. Our diplomacy should have been working quietly and firmly, for we are the friends and the partners of France. The French are, as everybody knows, a difficult breed to deal with. But who isn't? How would we feel had we suffered the loss of pride and wealth resulting from the dismemberment of an empire?

During the past two and a half years the French government has submitted to having the Algerian problem debated at the U.N. General Assembly, provided the Assembly concluded that Algeria was none of its business. The very idea of having the Algerian problem "internationalized" was anathema to the French. They did not like having it, so to speak, NATOized either.

At the last NATO meeting, the French pressed hard and vainly to get from President Eisenhower a public recognition of their "preeminent" role in North Africa. The President stood firm. With a display of singular impartiality, the United States kept sending arms to both the French and the Tunisians. Arms have a bad habit of changing hands and crossing borders.

THEN CAME the tragedy of Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef. The alleged hot pursuit of Algerian raiders across the Tunisian border led to the wanton mass slaughter of Tunisian citizens. It has been reported that a French colonel, without consulting his government or his superior officers, ordered the strafing and bombing of Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef. The French government, however, decided to share the guilt of its irresponsible officer.

But the French government could not refuse the diplomatic intervention of the American and British governments, and the two governments had to intervene. It is obvious by now that what is at stake is not the boundary line between Tunisia and Algeria but the war in North Africa, and it doesn't make much difference whether the war is called civil or international. It concerns us. It is fought with American weapons. Unfortunately, American bullets cannot be guided electronically to kill only Communists.

To help the French government and responsible national leaders like Bourguiba in developing some structure of federal union is an appallingly difficult undertaking. But that is what we have to do. We cannot just tell the French to get out of North Africa. We must use all possible resources of our diplomacy, all our toughness and all our kindness, to convince both the French and the North African Arabs that the old colonial order is dead, and that the newer device of granting sovereign nationhood to any aroused populace is also on the downgrade.

The union between Egypt and Syria and the near-union between Iraq and Jordan show that the era of unrestrained free-for-all nationalisms may be coming to a close. If this is the case, as we strongly suspect, we can only rejoice—no matter what the causes or the interests may be that bring about this process of supranational amalgamation in the Middle East. Perhaps in the universal order of things there is room for even such characters as President Nasser and King Hussein.

THE STATE DEPARTMENT is sending Robert Murphy back to North Africa in a trouble-shooting role. There is no American diplomat with greater experience in North African troubles. At the time of the North African invasion in the fall of 1942 Mr. Murphy had the unusual distinction of providing the then Lieutenant General Dwight D. Eisenhower with an elementary education in foreign affairs. Our North African ad-

VILLA LA PAUSA

Thus would he paint it: walls of white and roof
Red-tiled and shutters lavender, not closed
But wide to the incredible blue sea.
And he would paint the olives and the firs
And the hot flowers shimmering in light
No English sun bestows. This Englishman
Has been the flame himself. What he has warmed
Has been the world. And when the heat is gone
The world will shrivel. Think of him like this:
The sailor resting, part of sea and sky
And all the simple marvels of an earth
Which gave this great soul birth.

—SEC

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venture in 1942 led to a mess of inordinate proportions. It all ended well, for luck was on our side—witness the assassination of Darlan.

Robert Murphy needs all possible luck now. His latest mission to North Africa would be infinitely less chancy if it could be made retroactive.

Down with Gadgets!

At a recent convocation in Washington of a thousand clerical and lay delegates, Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam of the Methodist church sounded an angry and heretical note. "I must face the fact," he said, "that there is something radically wrong with so-called free enterprise."

He hastened to add that he held no brief for collective ownership, but he stuck to his point. "A few more eggheads in the automobile industry to supplant the blockheads who have designed our recent cars would be in the national interest."

With so many of the great streamlined symbols of our technological power lying idle—the snow-capped diesels in the switchyards and on remote rural sidings, the towering tail fins in warehouses and used-car lots—something was clearly amiss in the land and nobody liked it much.

Perhaps the Bishop was on the New Haven's famous 5:31 P.M. commuter train from Grand Central that got stuck at Port Chester, and finally chuffed into South Norwalk at 2:55 A.M., about nine hours late. Or perhaps he has a friend, as we do, who has just bought a swanky exurban home with three fireplaces and learned that in order to get his Cadillac in the garage he would have to rip out one of the fireplaces. In any event, the Bishop sounded the full diapason of *vox populi* when he warned that he feared "stumbling capitalism" as much as "creeping socialism."

Men have begun to recognize technology as *the* enemy. Machines beware!

Bipartisan Unity

One of the strongest arguments advanced for electing Dwight D. Eisenhower to the Presidency in each of his campaigns was that he and he alone could unite men of good will in both parties on a common program high above the vicious factionalism into which the country had been drawn by demagogues—most of them, it was widely admitted, members of the General's own chosen party. Few would deny that this kindly, decent man has indeed presided benignly over what might be called a second Era of Good Feeling—or at least one unruffled by strong feelings of any sort. But at no point in his brief career in politics has the President met with such sweeping success at promoting bipartisan agreement as he has in the last few months. Everyone—Left, Right, and Center—is united upon one basic and fearfully important proposition: Dwight D. Eisenhower is not carrying all or even most of the burdens his countrymen placed upon him.

Time magazine, surely one of Mr. Eisenhower's most enthusiastic journalistic supporters in his two campaigns, has spoken for all of us with its traditional self-assurance. Citing the "critical interests" of the United States "in a dozen swiftly moving areas," *Time's* February 24 issue concludes: "Conspicuously absent was a badly needed feeling of presence—specifically, the presence of the President of the U.S. at his desk, giving attention to the daily details that make long-range plans and policies work." Farther to the Right, we encounter a no less eloquent summation in the January 18 issue of the *National Review*: "Nothing—not screams in Budapest nor bayonets in Little Rock, not a collapse in the stock market nor an increase in unemployment, not rockets high in the skies of Russia or deep in the sands of Florida—nothing disturbs the tranquil world of Dwight Eisenhower."

It was of course Mr. Eisenhower's mild stroke last November that precipitated most of this anguished reappraisal. We can understand why Mr. Eisenhower's friends wish that he could do more, but we are at a loss to explain why his most outspoken critics urge him to stop trying at all, to resign. Publications that had never expected much of Mr. Eisenhower but had always dreaded the worst from Mr. Nixon have been advising the President to hand over his office to the Vice-President. The New York *Post* on November 29: "In the light of what has happened, we believe the decision confronting the President is clear. In fairness to the country, to himself and to those who love him, he should resign." The *New Republic* on December 9: "Should Eisenhower resign? Yes." The *Progressive* in its February issue: "The President should resign." John Fischer, editor of *Harper's*, wrote in his February issue: "There is now one last great service which President Eisenhower can perform for his country. He can resign."

WE ARE impressed by the boldness with which these editorialists take it upon themselves to play God in promising that a vigorous Nixon would make a better President than a dawdling Eisenhower. But we cannot join them. The mild stroke of last November has not basically altered facts that were perfectly clear long before the election of 1956. It is the man's temperament even more than his health that determines his conduct of the high office to which his countrymen, knowing him well, elected him. And it is his temperament, or at least the best part of it, that makes us want him to continue in office, just as long as he can and will. For he has several times demonstrated a soldier's last-ditch determination to return from the amiable aloofness in which he rests most of the time to assert that he, not the men around him, still holds in his hand the executive power of our government.

To be sure, it is at best a negative and seldom practiced virtue. But the President has it. What can be said about Mr. Nixon? "About the Vice-President, as distinguished from the former member of Congress," we wrote charitably in this same space last December 12, "the best we can say is that we don't know anything."

HOT TOT

"Harriet Y. Cough . . . has invented a diaper with a holster on each thigh." —New York *Times.*

Diaper Dan is only one,
But he packs a wicked gun.
When the child is fully grown,
Put me in a neutral zone.

—SEC

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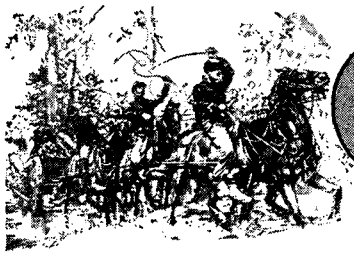

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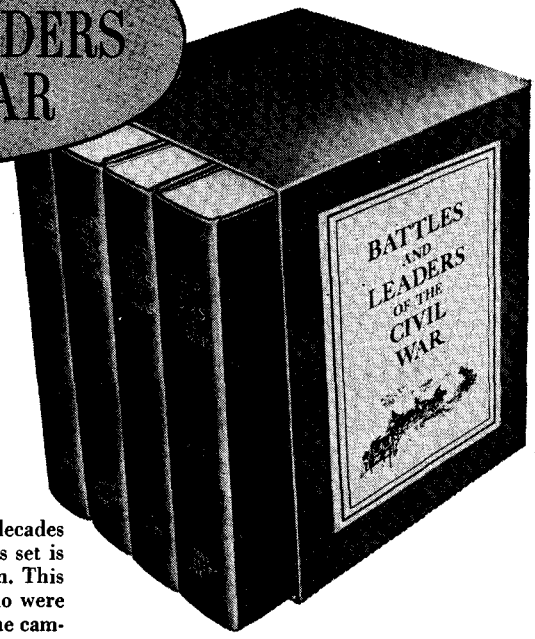

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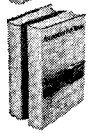

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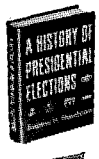

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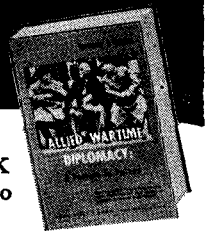

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University of Colorado

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CORRESPONDENCE

SCHOOLS AND SCIENCE

To the Editor: The February 20 issue of *The Reporter,* containing a series of articles comparing Russian and American educational methods and scientific training, is certainly most timely and, as I am sure you can appreciate, I am particularly glad to have the articles right at this time when we are in the midst of hearings before the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee on education in science for national defense.

LISTER HILL
U.S. Senate

OUR MISSILE MUDDLE

To the Editor: Robert C. Albrook's "How Good Are Our Missiles?" (*The Reporter,* February 6) supplies a very timely and useful corrective to the prevailing disregard for the vulnerability of our missiles. Protecting our strategic retaliatory forces is and will probably remain our most important defense problem. That he both recognizes the problem and proposes measures to meet it is greatly to Mr. Albrook's credit.

The advantages he cites for solid propellants are real and important. But, for all their logistic disadvantages, we have liquid-fueled rocket engines now that provide the thrust required for intermediate and long ranges. More important, this type of engine probably will continue to have a performance advantage over solid-fueled engines as the technology of both types advances, something that Mr. Albrook neglects. This performance advantage makes possible deeper basing, farther from enemy striking power. Deeper basing, in turn, greatly enhances the value of hardened base installations, because the enemy firing missiles at such bases must settle for a much poorer combination of accuracy and warhead yield. If the enemy turns to manned bomber attack against such bases, he can be made to face the unappealing prospect of giving us greater warning time. Liquid-fueled rockets will contribute greatly to our deterrent if, of course, our planning capitalizes upon these potential virtues.

By all means let us press the development of promising solid-fuel rockets. But mobility as a protective measure has its problems too, and they are but mitigated, not solved, when we have such rockets. And our most grievous strategic error would be to postpone strengthening our deterrent now because promising technological developments appear to make it easier to strengthen later.

MALCOLM W. HOAG
RAND Corporation
Santa Monica

TROUBLED OIL

To the Editor: William Harlan Hale ("Troubled Oil in the Middle East," *The Reporter,* January 23) concludes that "there is no solid link between the American government and American oil companies." Industry has long ago discovered that a fluid coupling is as effective as a "solid link" in the operation of legislative as well as mechanical machinery.

In securing concessions in the Middle East, oil companies have relied heavily upon the personnel of government, and in their relationships with the Middle East oil-producing states, our government has drawn heavily upon the personnel of the oil companies. Both oil and government have drawn upon a common pool of manpower until gradually a virtually reciprocating relationship has developed between the major oil producers and government.

Former diplomats turn up as staff members of Aramco. (Harold B. Minor, our ambassador to Lebanon until 1953, and William A. Eddy, former minister to Saudi Arabia, are doing public-relations work for Aramco.) Conversely, government has drawn upon the services of oilmen like Ralph K. Davies and Herbert Hoover, Jr. One must mention the political influence of oilmen like Harry D. Collier (Standard of California) and J. F. Drake (Gulf). The list could be expanded beyond the limits of this letter. I impute no dishonesty toward these men. Conflict of interest is a moot point. But we need prove no "solid link"; hydraulic connections are just as effective.

Mr. Hale reports that F.D.R. rejected the pressure of oilmen for financial aid to Ibn Saud during the days of the Second World War and repeats F.D.R.'s classic and terse message to Jesse Jones: "Jess—Will you tell the British I hope they can take care of the King of Saudi Arabia. This is a little far afield for us!" This note was dated August 6, 1941. Mr. Hale's research ended prematurely. Had he delved further he would have discovered that Standard Oil and Texas Oil were extremely unhappy with this position and that their efforts to secure Lend-Lease for Ibn Saud, whose domain was outside the theater of war, finally met with success in 1943 when Saudi Arabia was arbitrarily declared to be vital to the defenses of the United States. Saudi Arabia received more than $99 million in direct and indirect Lend-Lease. In its report of April 28, 1948, a special Senate committee concluded that the grants were made to Saudi Arabia at the initiative "for the most part of the Arabian-American Oil Co., its affiliates, and parent companies —to eliminate the danger of its concessions and earnings falling under the financial control of the United Kingdom." Is this a solid or a fluid link?

During war days, steel was in short supply, but twenty thousand tons was allocated to Aramco's Tapline over the objections of the British, domestic oil producers, and the Senate's Small Business Committee. The Independent Petroleum Association thereupon declared: "The Government of the United States was committed by certain officials to a course of securing the position of the oil companies which hold the Arabian concession." Tapline did not affect the outcome of the war against the Nazis but it was very effective in the struggle between American and British oil producers.

When the flow of British oil was disrupted from Iran's Abadan refineries, it was Herbert

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Hoover, Jr., who engineered the settlement that forced the British monopoly to give way to a partnership with American oil companies. Hoover called this "the biggest business deal that has ever been concluded." President Eisenhower commended Hoover thus: "The settlement was due in significant measure to your expert knowledge of the International oil business, to your persistence, and to your skillful diplomacy."

Finally, private oil continues to be the beneficiary of preferential treatment in the administration of our income-tax laws. Aramco pays not one cent to the United States in taxes despite the millions expended in that area which safeguard the Aramco concession.

Despite Mr. Hale's conclusion that there is no "solid link" between government and oil, there is much evidence that petroleum lubricates not only the wheels of industry but those of governmental policymaking machinery as well.

STANLEY RABINOWITZ
Minneapolis

THE ROAD TO WESEL

To the Editor: My appreciation of Saunders Redding's story of "A Battle Behind the Lines" (*The Reporter*, January 9) was tempered by its military inaccuracies.

He speaks of the 17th Airborne taking Wessel; the name of the town was Wesel.

He states that K Company was "commanded by a major so recently promoted that he still wore a captain's bars." Army veterans will flinch involuntarily at that observation by Mr. Redding. Any company commander I've ever heard about who was promoted to a majority, that gentleman was on his way to a staff job with higher headquarters. There's simply no room in a company's table of organization for the man with gold leaves.

Such minor errata should not be permitted to spoil an otherwise good story; especially noteworthy is Mr. Redding's description of post-battle reaction, in the best tradition of S.L.A. Marshall.

R. T. TAYLOR
Steubenville, Ohio

'ISN'T SEC A LADY?'

To the Editor: I happened to read Marya Mannes's Tennessee Williams article ("Something Unspeakable," *The Reporter*, February 6) in my dentist's office. The article was a gem. It delighted and thrilled me with its sharpness of perception and it pinned Mr. Williams down to a "T."

As a result, I am now a *Reporter* reader.

BARBARA SYDNEY
Brooklyn

To the Editor: I want to say to you that I enjoy Sec's reflections on timely topics very much. "Lunified Command" in the February 6 issue was wonderful.

ANTHONY B. AKERS
New York

To the Editor: *The Reporter* without verses by Sec is like apple pie without cheese, a kiss without the squeeze. Thanks for the current number. But isn't Sec a lady? To me, the verses seem to come from a gifted feminine wit.

FRED G. HUNTINGTON
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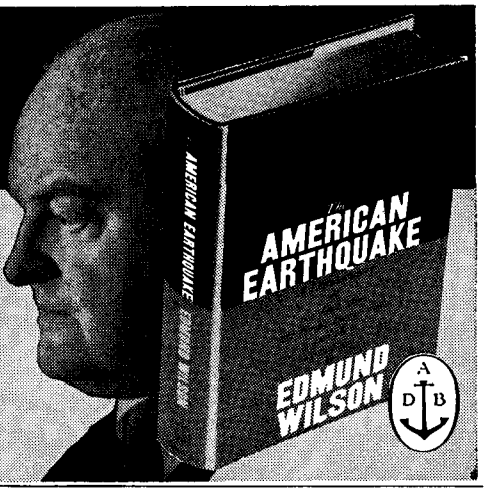

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IT HAS BECOME a commonplace these days to ask which is the most important problem that faces our nation. Is it the crisis of our economy or the crisis in international affairs? **Max Ascoli's** editorial points out that the two problems are deeply interrelated: our view of them must be bifocal. The article on our economic situation by **M. J. Rossant,** an editor at *Business Week,* indicates that the administration, so far, has not shown the imagination and vigor it exhibited when attacking the recession of 1953. The article about the armament race, on the contrary, leads to the more optimistic conclusion that both major powers may soon be equally interested in putting on the brakes in this race. Colonel **Richard S. Leghorn,** of the Air Force Reserve, is chairman of the Committee on Security Through Arms Control of the National Planning Association and president of the ITEK Corporation of Boston.

NEW YORK'S Governor **Averell Harriman** has some very convincing things to say about the billboards which, unless we prevent it, will spoil our new highways just as they have spoiled so many of our old ones, and have ruined so many beautiful roads in Europe—particularly in Italy. . . . **Walter O'Hearn** is on the editorial staff of the Montreal *Star.* . . . Our staff writer **Paul Jacobs,** for some reason or other, was called in as a language expert at the trial of Mickey Cohen, which he describes. . . . **Paul Moor,** free-lance writer and photographer, reports from West Berlin that at least in the entertainment world of the divided city there is a kind of unity—tempered, however, by competition. . . . It is highly to be regretted that our newspapermen have not yet been admitted to China. But the article by **David Hotham,** who covers the Far East for the *Times* of London and the *Economist,* indicates that any serious reportorial assignment in China is a frustrating affair.

Al Newman is a former staff member. . . . **Roger Maren** is a free-lance musicologist. . . . **Gerald Weales** teaches at Brown University. . . . Our correspondent **Edmond Taylor** writes regularly from Europe. . . . **Dennis H. Wrong** is a Canadian sociologist, also at Brown. . . . **Howard Moss** is a poet and free-lance writer. . . . **Perry Miller** is Professor of American Literature at Harvard. . . . **Jay Jacobs,** whose drawings are frequently seen in *The Reporter,* is also an essayist and critic.

Our cover, a view of Montreal Harbor, is by the Canadian artist **John S. Walsh.**

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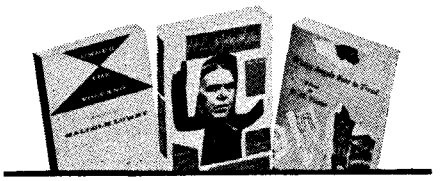

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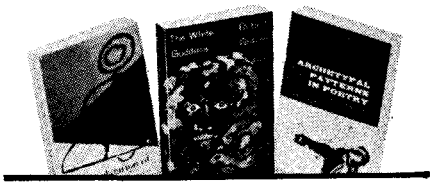

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The Limits on Depression and War

Perhaps, while the discussion goes on unabated as to whether and when and how negotiations with the Russians can be started, one may be allowed to muse for a brief moment on the most stubborn, presumably enduring fact that limits our government's freedom of action, or of inaction. The comparative equivalence of Russian and American offensive and retaliatory power conditions the course of our economy as well as that of our diplomacy. The freedom to be inept that our government leaders may have enjoyed in previous generations has been sharply curtailed in our times.

Can the present economic recession slide into a major depression, like the one that started in 1929? At the pit of that depression, in 1933, there were about thirteen million unemployed in our country. If the same percentage of the labor force were unemployed today, this would mean about seventeen million. At that time, we were a great economic power, but we did not have the Soviet empire against us and a network of alliances centered on us. Should the prospect of a major depression ever become serious in our days, Communist truculence would make mandatory a gigantic increase of our armament program. In this respect, the threat of Soviet Russia can be considered a most frightening built-in stabilizer of our economy.

But an armament program, given the nature of the latest weapons, can scarcely be an end in itself. Both we and the Russians know that the instruments of destruction now being relentlessly devised cannot bring victory. Both have equal reason to dread the prospect of self-starting wars.

Since each of the two nations knows that it is exposed to approximately the same annihilation, it takes an obdurate belief in the hopeless stupidity of men not to reach the conclusion that both nations must find ways to limit the mad, purposeless destructiveness of their weapons system. There is not much room for secrecy in the armament race, since whatever new discovery one power makes, the other will make tomorrow—if it has not made it already. Moreover, the day is not so far away when each of the two major powers, through its man-made satellites, will be able to keep constant watch on the other. There will be very little national privacy left.

We can afford neither all-out depressions nor all-out wars. The Russians, too, are exposed to the ravages of all-out war—only more so. In the miscalculations of their leaders, they have the equivalent of our depressions. And it is not inconceivable that the breaking up of nationwide trusts vigorously conducted by Khrushchev may be prompted by the hope of reducing the mistakes of the national managers.

Perhaps there are many more reciprocal limitations imposed on the economic and on the military policies of the two countries than our leaders and those of Soviet Russia care to acknowledge. These limitations are not yet formalized in binding international agreements, have not yet reached the institutional stage at the U.N. level where they can be recognized and endorsed by all other nations. Those stages appear as dim hopes in a faraway future. Yet if there is a future for mankind, it lies there.

In hastening that future, the role of our nation is the most decisive. For the internal working of the Russian government is still shrouded by the secrecy of a police state, and the functioning of its economy is still dependent on the unchecked power of the Communist Party. Over here, as a substitute for secrecy we have the confusion of too much publicity in all phases of our national life. Our economy must be kept constantly expanding, with the danger of recession and inflation held to a minimum. We cannot rely too heavily on defense expenditures if only because we cannot lend support to the old Communist fables that describe our business system as dependent on the production of weapons.

Moreover, the very causes that make for limitations on the scope and destructiveness of war render it imperative that sometime, sooner or later, some agreement will be reached with Soviet Russia for the reduction of armaments. If it is true that we can scarcely afford a recession now, we could even less afford a recession—not to say a depression—resulting from a sizable cutback in military expenditures. The conclusion is therefore inescapable that no large-scale defense program should be considered without most careful, detailed planning, so as to make sure that the capital, skills, and manpower invested in that program may be redeployed for peaceful purposes.

Which of the two systems of government is better suited to stand the test of all these limitations and restraints that the conditions of our times impose on the two major nations? The system of government based on limited and balanced powers will be found wanting only if our intelligence and our determination fail us.

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Washington and the Recession: Will It Be Too Little Too Late?

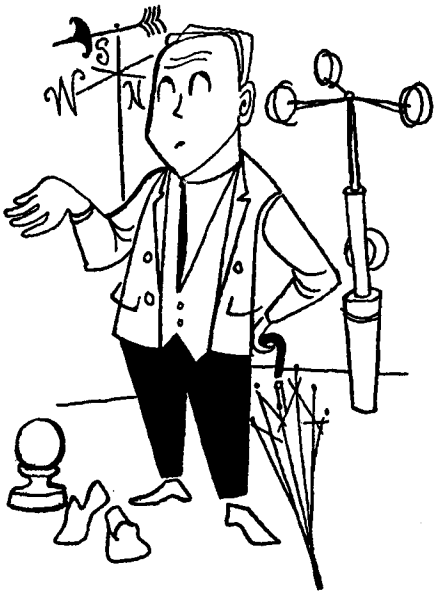
M. J. ROSSANT

EVERY economic downturn, no matter how mild, inevitably gives rise to fears of a serious depression. Such fears, engendered by the current decline, appear more widespread now than in any other period since the end of the Second World War. For in both of the previous declines, in 1948-1949 and 1953-1954, strong positive forces were in evidence that not only cushioned the drop but also provided some basis for recovery. This time, though, few if any optimists are talking in terms of a new boom. Instead, the expressions of faith in the government's "built-in stabilizers" and the "secure underpinnings" of the economy seem calculated to exorcise the ghosts of 1937 and 1929 rather than to promise a new upturn.

What makes this recession, the third since the end of the Second World War, different from its predecessors? Do its differences justify the fears of a depression? There is no definitive answer. Many economists believe that a long-drawn-out contraction is already overdue. Some hold that the mildness of the past postwar adjustments masked distortions—particularly in prices—that must be corrected. Others suggest that the economy, after a sustained period of growth, is simply tired. Even those who are inclined to concede that this is likely to be only another mild dip are awaiting more government action.

The White House is practically alone in its prediction of a strong recovery. President Eisenhower's report on the state of the economy on February 12 was freely interpreted as an attempt to bolster the waning confidence of both businessmen and consumers. But stock prices dropped when the statement was issued, and many businessmen, made skeptical by Eisenhower's earlier view that the economy was simply taking a "breather," felt that his confidence that this month may "mark the beginning of the end of the downturn" was uncomfortably reminiscent of Hooverian prophecies.

EISENHOWER's prophecy of a March pickup in jobs is not only a fairly safe bet but a decidedly superfluous one. March normally registers a seasonal increase in employment just as January and February show seasonal declines. But even if employment rises this month, this will not by itself mean the end of the recession. Yet the administration has adopted this position, which may result in a further deterioration of confidence.



The hope for an early end of the recession is largely based on the fact that the decline to date has a great deal in common with the other recessions experienced in the postwar period. The major symptom in all three periods has been a cutback in inventories, the stocks of goods in the hands of manufacturers, wholesalers, and retailers. During most of 1957, businessmen were adding to inventories in hopes of increased sales; but toward the end of the year, when sales showed no rise, inventories were cut back. This cutback in inventories is responsible for most of the decline in production and the rise in unemployment the economy has suffered.

New Deal Up to Date

This is precisely what happened in the 1953-1954 decline as well as in 1948-1949. In 1953, a decline in government defense spending produced a switch from accumulation to liquidation of inventories. Then, too, a tight-money policy had hastened the business reversal. Unemployment rose as factories started cutting production and as spending on new plant and equipment declined. From the peak in 1953 to the trough in 1954, the Federal Reserve's index of industrial production fell almost ten per cent while unemployment jumped from under two per cent to 5.8 per cent of the labor force. In the 1948-1949 setback, the decline in production was somewhat smaller, but unemployment rose from an average of 3.8 per cent in 1948 to almost six per cent in 1949. This time, production is down over eight per cent from the July, 1957, figure and almost ten per cent from the December, 1956, peak, while unemployment in January, 1958, neared six per cent of the labor force.

The current decline got most of its impetus from a cut in defense

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spending and in defense contracts. These reductions came at a time when excess capacity was appearing and both business spending on new facilities and manufacturers' new orders for durable goods were declining. By midsummer, it was clear to many economists and businessmen that the boom was petering out and that a contraction seemed inevitable. The stock market, which is not always prescient in its judgment, clearly reflected a sharp change in investor sentiment.

But though it took no clairvoyant powers to foresee a decline, Washington appeared strangely blind to the developing situation. The Pentagon went ahead with its cutbacks, and warned that its future programs might be cut back even further. The Federal Reserve Board, whose tight-money policy had operated to slow down the boom, proceeded to make money even tighter and more expensive by initiating still another round of interest-rate increases. By way of explanation, spokesmen for the administration and the FRB publicly stated that the expected fall upturn carried with it a dangerous inflationary potential.

It required truly magical powers to bring about an upturn in the face of cuts in defense spending and the increases in interest rates. No magic, however, was forthcoming. Yet the FRB made no move to reverse its policy, which sent the cost of borrowing last fall to the highest level in over twenty-five years, and President Eisenhower himself, presumably on the advice of his brain trusters and certainly with the approval of the monetary managers, actually exhorted consumers to restrain their purchases as long as prices were rising. It was as if a magician was planning to pull a rabbit out of a hat without either hat or rabbit.

THIS RELUCTANCE to cope with the fall-off in business activity has brought the charge, from some Democratic congressmen and labor unions, that the administration is deliberately inviting a recession—with increased unemployment—to hold down wage increases. They have called for a massive government spending program combined with a tax cut. The administration has spurned both the indictment and the cure. It is doubtful that any administration official believes that a recession would be either economically or politically beneficial. But the White House is primarily concerned with the danger of inflation, and its slowness in counteracting the decline is based in large part on the belief that economic instability is largely the product of continual rises in living costs.

In its past bout with a decline, the Eisenhower administration demonstrated an alertness and flexibility that is not present now. Confounding those who assumed that Eisenhower Republicanism was merely Hooverism in a soft collar, the administration acted like the New Deal brought up to date. It did not institute a crash program, which was demanded by many critics, but it did intervene on a broad scale, which served to ease the decline and set the foundation for an early and strong recovery. Concern over inflation was replaced by a conscious effort to keep deflation from deepening.

The administration demonstrated an alert sense of timing. Credit, which had been scarce and expensive in the spring of 1953, was materially eased by early summer, before the economic decline was fully under way. In the fall, the administration announced itself in favor of tax cuts scheduled to go into effect the following year, a decision that was made public when unemployment was still under 2.5 per cent of the labor force. These steps were followed by legislative proposals for tax reform aimed at further stimulating business and consumer spending, an extension of the old-age and unemployment-insurance programs, slum-clearance and urban-renewal projects, and other anti-recession moves. Later it provided aid to hard-hit industries—shipbuilding, mining—with specific projects, and engaged in a speed-up of processing loans in its credit-disbursing agencies. At the same time, the FRB accelerated its easier credit policy, which, together with the administration's relaxation of mortgage terms, prompted a housing boom.

There was no loss of confidence in the last recession—stock prices started rising in September, 1953, before the decline had fully set in, and corporations began to make plans for increasing capacity at a time of production cutbacks. It is easy to overemphasize the role that confidence plays in the business cycle, but in 1953-1954 businessmen—and consumers—were clearly encouraged by the administration's many-sided approach.

The Retreat into Orthodoxy

Arthur F. Burns, who as chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers from 1953 to 1956 served as a principal architect of the administration's previous contracyclical program, outlines a general operating guide for dealing with a recession in a book, published since his return to private life, entitled *Prosperity Without Inflation*. He notes that when the economy shows signs of faltering, prompt countermoves are required. "Even mild measures on the part of government can be effective in the early stages of an economic decline," he writes. "On the other hand, if action is withheld until a recession gathers momentum, strong and costly measures may prove insufficient."

Countermoves, according to Burns, must be co-ordinated, and "should be on a sufficient scale to give reasonable promise of checking the recession yet not so powerful as to stimulate extensive speculation or other excesses that may create trouble later." He goes on to make clear that no two recessions are alike, so that "a wise government will therefore seek to maintain flexibility in its

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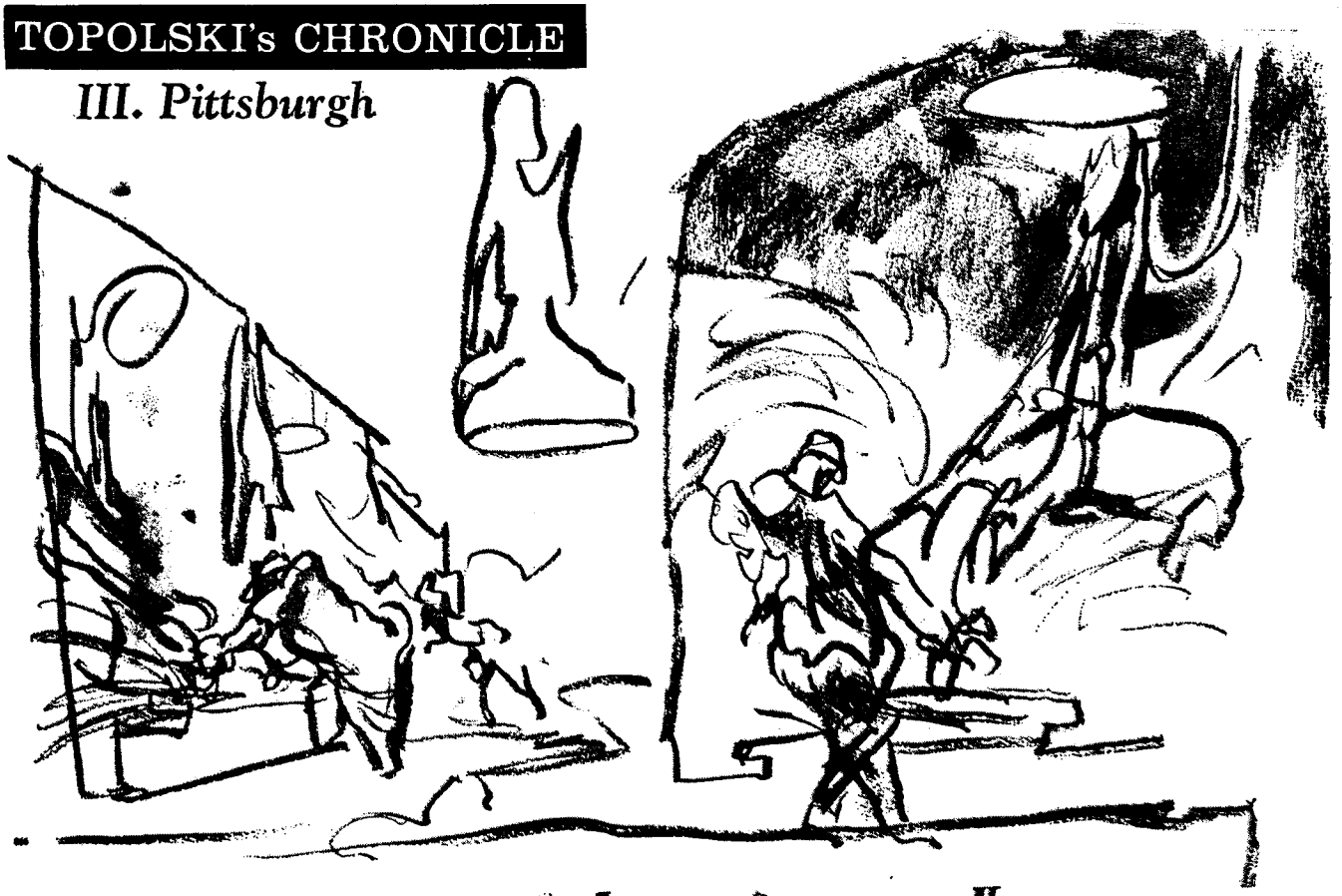
TOPOLSKI's CHRONICLE

III. Pittsburgh



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approach . . . and will not entrust the nation's fate to a categorical economic forecast or to a rigid economic program."

The record of the last six months shows that the administration has neglected this guide in almost every respect. It has retreated into economic orthodoxy, a not uncommon posture in the latter stages of a business upturn. But the adherence to orthodoxy, once the decline got under way, has hurt confidence. It is understandable that the administration did not want to advertise a recession; apparently what happened is that it was caught fighting the wrong war at the wrong time.

But businessmen did recognize the change, and though they may favor governmental economy as long as activity is climbing, they expect the government's assistance when it is turning down. The majority wanted action and grew concerned when the administration continued to preach against inflation.

The launching of the Soviet satellite weakened the administration's position furtl r. But the White House remained reluctant to make a change in its policy, and cuts in contractual obligations actually increased in October and November. The FRB continued to keep credit tight despite the fact that demand for loans showed a sharp contraseasonal decline. Inflation was still the enemy, and a new top-level inflation committee, whose members included FRB Chairman William McChesney Martin, Secretary of the Treasury Robert B. Anderson, and the President, was formed to co-ordinate the battle against new rising prices—at a time when the downturn had already begun.

The monetary managers clearly believed that price stability was more important than stability in production or wages. Martin magnanimously took part of the responsibility for the inflationary threat. The FRB, he said, had made credit too easy in 1953 and 1954; it was not going to make the same mistake again.

Compared with previous periods, the FRB had done a good job of keeping prices in check. Prices rose in the later stages of the boom—the consumer price index increased slightly less than three per cent between July, 1956, and July, 1957, but this rise was minor in comparison with other boom periods. As Burns writes, "If we bear in mind the magnitude of the recent boom—its extraordinary intensity, its worldwide character, and its heavy concentration on capital goods—the remarkable thing is not that prices have recently risen but that they have risen so little." To the money managers, however, the rise in prices appeared much more ominous than the falling off in production and the decline in capital spending.

Thus, in sharp contrast to 1953, there was a considerable lag this time between the setting in of the decline and organized efforts to counter it. Moreover, when the reversal began, it was not only late but modest. In mid-November, the FRB made a dramatic reduction in the discount rate, but its officials indicated that they did not propose the policy of "aggressive ease" that they had pursued in 1953. In mid-February, the FRB reduced bank reserve requirements, which increased the nation's money supply but less than the banking community had expected. Testifying before Congress's Joint Economic Committee, Martin explained that this decline might be more severe, yet he maintained that the potential threat of inflation ruled out a strong anti-recession policy.

For its part, the administration has not recaptured command over economic policy that it had pushed on the FRB. It has moved belatedly and moderately. Mortgage terms have again been relaxed; defense spending is slated to increase and the huge contract cuts will be restored; a small public-works program has been proposed. In addition, Eisenhower and Anderson have declared that the goal of a balanced budget is no longer sacrosanct. And they have announced they are prepared to cut taxes if such a measure becomes necessary.

But it has been a hesitant and piecemeal policy. The scheduled increase in defense spending is minimal in relation to the latest assessments of Communist strength. This time the White House is attempting to reinforce its modest policies with admonishments to both labor and management that self-restraint in wages and prices is essential. In taking this approach, its attitude seems to be that recovery is automatic and the main goal remains a strong defense against inflation. But while the cut in inventories will soon reach the point where buying must begin again, which will have a stabilizing effect, there is no sign of any positive force that will ignite a new boom.

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That is the chief economic difference between this recession and the previous postwar declines. In both 1949 and 1954, the cutback in business spending for new plant and equipment was clearly temporary; it was recognized that increased capacity was needed and that old machinery had to be replaced. It was also clear that consumer demand was far from sated. The long war period had created a huge pent-up appetite for houses and durable goods, which the Korean War prolonged. Occasional indigestion caused by inventory accumulations, in turn caused by shifts in government spending and overoptimism among businessmen, was only an inevitable but temporary adjustment in a pattern of growth.

Now there is considerable doubt about the future of both consumer and business spending. Corporate spending on new plant and equipment amounted to $100 billion from 1955 through 1957, which meant an enormous increase in industrial capacity. Business is slated to spend over $33 billion more this year, but this represents a decline from 1957, and according to surveys no early change in the downtrend in business investment is likely. The existence of excess capacity and the decline in total corporate profits after taxes—down from an annual rate of $23 billion in late 1955 to an annual rate of less than $21 billion in mid-1957—is hardly conducive to an expansion in business spending. While there may be a slowing down in the decline, new orders for durable goods and new construction contracts are still falling.

Consumer spending is likely to hold up better than business spending. But personal disposable income is on the decline, and the cuts in overtime work and employment have made consumers much more cautious. The latest survey of consumer intentions, made by the University of Michigan, reports that consumers are more pessimistic than they have been since 1954. Moreover, the decline in consumer sentiment in the past twelve months has been the steepest ever, which does not seem indicative of a buying boom.

Almost 10.5 million new homes were built between 1949 and 1957; more than one million more will be added this year, but we are unlikely to see the kind of housing boom that took place in 1950, which saw 1.39 million units started, or in 1955, with 1.33 million units. Nor is a large-scale buying spree in consumer durables probable. For one thing, consumers have already purchased a great many appliances. New purchases are readily postponable; the current market itself is geared more to replacements than to new models. For another, there is less opportunity for an expansion in consumer credit, which is currently at a much higher level than it was in either 1949 or 1953 because terms have been extended and consumers are deeper in debt. There was an expansion of $4 billion in consumer credit between 1949 and 1950, when the average maturity of loans was about two years, and an expansion of $6.6 billion between 1954 and 1955, with terms lengthening to an average of thirty months. Installment credit now amounts to eleven per cent of disposable income, compared to eight per cent in early 1953, which suggests that no big expansion will be seen this year.

It is clear, too, that foreign trade will not bolster business as it did in 1953. In the previous recession, the countries of western Europe refuted the adage that when the United States sneezes, they catch pneumonia. They were then in the midst of a sustained industrial expansion, and their boom created an increased demand for American goods that was a significant factor in lifting the U.S. economy out of the doldrums.

Today Europe is also confronted with a tapering off of economic activity. American exports increased in early 1957 as a result of the Suez crisis, but now demand has slackened and should continue to fall. Moreover, the less developed countries have had to curtail their imports because of the decline in world commodity prices. The world as a whole is once again faced with a dollar gap that will mean contraction in American exports. And pressure groups representing depressed American industries are likely to prevent any significant liberalization in trade policies that would enable foreign countries to increase exports and earn dollars to pay for U.S. goods.

Power and Responsibility

Despite these important differences, this recession is much closer to the 1953-1954 pattern than to the 1929 depression. The evidence suggests that although the economy as a whole will suffer a larger decline than in either of the postwar contractions, it will not degenerate into a severe or prolonged slump. The drastic liquidation in inventories cannot continue indefinitely, and the reversal of the defense economy drive will soon begin to make itself felt. And while the administration's reactions have revealed ineptness and confusion, the very fact that it has committed itself to an upturn this election year means that government intervention on a large scale cannot be long delayed.

Arthur Burns, who views the current situation from the vantage point of a scholar with practical experience, believes that we are now facing a more serious decline than the last. But he is convinced that it will be kept brief and moderate. In a recent conversation with this writer he said, "In the event that the private economy does not revive fairly promptly, the government has the power—and the responsibility—to limit the decline." As he sees it, both our international position and domestic considerations dictate governmental intervention if there is no early recovery. "If the recesssion deepens," he says, "the Communist world alone will profit."

Burns does not ignore the infla-

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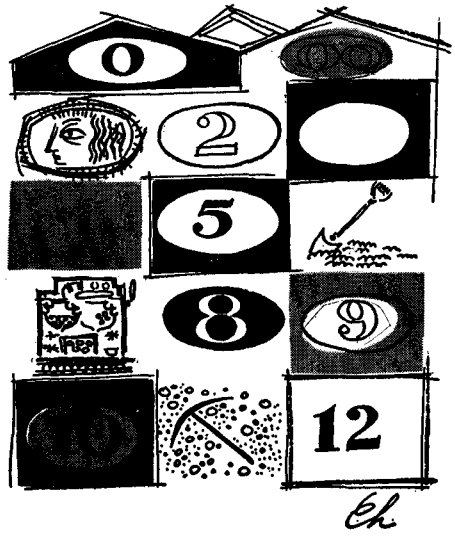
tionary threat that has so harassed the administration and the Federal Reserve. He states that we must find more effective means of combating the long-run problem of creeping inflation. But he considers that a deepening of the present recession will warrant action even at the risk of encouraging a new inflationary threat. "The risks can be minimized," he points out, "but there is no escape from them."

The administration and the FRB have still to face up to these risks. Chairman Martin apparently considers a measure of recession preferable to a program that might invite inflationary trouble. He feels that the present downturn is the result of past inflationary excesses and implies that it is a necessary, if somewhat painful, adjustment. This is not the time, he says, to take vigorous action. In his recent testimony before Congress, he declared that "excessive stimulus during a recession can jeopardize long-run stability."

THERE IS a lot of validity to Martin's position, provided that a vigorous recovery is in prospect. It can also be argued that there is grave danger in depending too heavily on increases in defense spending as a means of ensuring prosperity.

At present the differences between this recession and its immediate predecessors appear serious enough to take some risks. In contrast to 1949 and 1953, businessmen are less confident, consumers are less prosperous, the administration less positive, and the economy itself more vulnerable.



How the Arms Race Can Be Checked

RICHARD S. LEGHORN

TWO CENTURIES AGO Benjamin Franklin demonstrated the important role a scientist can play in public affairs. His awareness of the problem that still confronts us is shown in a letter he wrote to Joseph Priestley:

"It is impossible to imagine the Height to which may be carried, in a thousand years, the Power of Man over Matter. We may perhaps learn to deprive large Masses of their Gravity, and give them absolute Levity, for the sake of easy Transport . . . O that moral Science were in as fair a way of Improvement, that Men would cease to be Wolves to one another."

The Franklin example of a dedicated scientist-statesman was, unfortunately, almost unique in our Republic until the Second World War brought its Comptons, Bushes, and DuBridges. The recent appointment of the respected Dr. Killian to responsibilities at the summit of our political life is the latest example of the resumption of the honorable and exciting contributions of scientists to our public affairs that began with Franklin.

MANKIND, already well into a second atomic decade, has now entered the first space decade. The conjunction of an intense ideological conflict with the rapidly accelerating pace of technological revolution has led to an entirely new sort of arms race. Coming to grips with this problem is surely the key issue that faces our scientist-statesmen today. For until we address ourselves to the problem of enlisting a substantial scientific effort in the design of a workable security system, the arms race in all its madness will continue to enslave science throughout the world. The fifty per cent of the West's research and development now feeding the arms race and the even higher Russian figure will continue or even increase, while science for peaceful pursuits will be severely limited.

The crux of our scientific problem today is not more science for the arms race, important though that may be as an interim measure. Neither is it just to loosen the grip of the arms race on science, for that would be tantamount to unilateral disarmament. The crux does not even lie in placing direct emphasis on science for peace—whether atoms for peace, space for peace, food for peace, or any other. The science-for-peace programs cannot possibly flourish in an age of deep insecurity and fear. All these problems will take care of themselves when—and only when—we have dealt with the more urgent problem of undertaking a major scientific effort to aid in the construction of a rational world security system.

New Styles in Weapons

Looking at the weapons of today and tomorrow, we find that smaller nuclear explosions represent a more likely trend than larger explosions. Huge explosions, of course, are technically feasible. One occasionally hears talk of "gigaton" weapons representing the equivalent of billions of tons of TNT, but the military usefulness of such weapons is open to serious question.

More significant than the amount of explosive force will be the size of the weapons themselves. We already read of atomic and hydrogen weapons small enough for fighter aircraft, missiles, and artillery pieces. "Suitcase" A-bombs have been mentioned. We can expect the trend toward a bigger bang per cubic foot of bomb to continue further before practical limits are reached. "Clean" weapons, of course, represent another design trend, but it is not yet clear just how "clean" a nuclear device can become. Under many conditions of explosion, even "clean"

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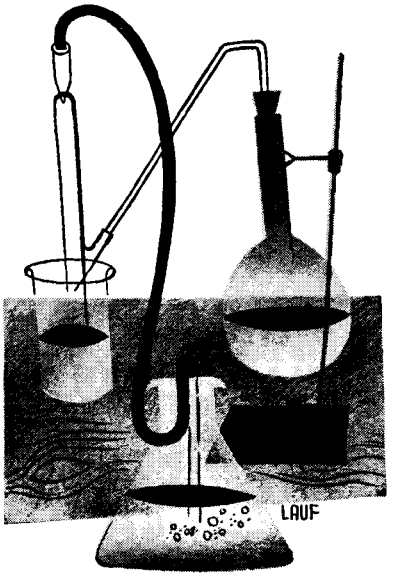
weapons produce a "dirty" result in terms of radioactivity. But possibly the more long-persisting products can be avoided.

The world is beginning to test ballistic rockets whose speed approaches the velocity needed to escape from the earth. This means that the practical limits of velocity for terrestrial wars have been reached. While re-entry speeds may become greater, we cannot expect the speed of weapons to targets on earth to increase significantly beyond the speeds now being tested. There will, however, be two significant trends in delivery systems.

First, bases will become more mobile, more dispersed, much smaller and less detectable, and therefore less vulnerable. In hand or immediately foreseeable are rocket launchings from underground sites and from mobile platforms on the ground, on the sea, under the sea, and from aircraft. While launchings from space platforms will be technically feasible, it is not yet clear whether space launching sites for terrestrial wars will offer appreciable advantages.

Second, what is known as the reaction time of delivery systems will shorten appreciably. Today the countdown time necessary to prepare long-range missiles for firing is about the same—ten hours or so—that it takes long-range aircraft to fly between continents. But the development of missile systems, particularly improvements in solid propellants, will soon shorten the time needed for preparation. We can foresee that before many years one- to two-thousand-mile rocket weapons will be maintained in a state of readiness permitting nearly instantaneous firings. The readiness time of six-thousand-mile missiles can be shortened to minutes instead of hours and they may eventually be instantaneously ready. Thus, the reaction time from the instant of command to megaton explosions one thousand to six thousand miles away will soon run from about ten minutes to less than an hour.

The accuracy of weapons, both for defense and counteroffense, will, of course, increase steadily, but not fast enough to offset the two dominant characteristics of opposing delivery systems—speed of delivery and small, dispersed, and relatively invulnerable bases. Thus, defense either by counteroffense or by Maginot Line techniques does not look promising. Retaliatory doctrines will



continue to dominate the great-power scene in a military standoff, where violent conflict poses losses for each side that would more than offset any possible gains.

The Consequences

These trends in the design and development of weapons produce a number of troublesome consequences. For one thing, the arms race is already producing the so-called nth-country problem—known to the British as the fourth-country problem, and to the French as the fifth-country problem, and to others by various numbers. In the absence of arms controls, modern weapons will come into possession of more and more nations either through gift, sale, or local development. Ownership of modern weapons by many nations, some of which may be irresponsible or even fanatical, will introduce a major factor of instability into the world's security arrangements.

Furthermore, the increasingly fast and automatic response characteristics of modern weapons will lead to concentration and delegation of control. There will be much less time for investigation, diplomacy, and decision making. The dangers of accidental war or the accidental spread of limited war to total war become increasingly significant.

Finally, reliable physical inspection for possession of nuclear warheads is already impractical. With the decreasing size of warheads and the growing ease of hiding bases, many other inspection and control problems will approach practical insolubility. Man faces steadily increasing difficulties in backing out of the corner into which he is now boxing himself.

WE MUST henceforth deal with two major threats to our security: Communist imperialism and the arms race itself. While it is true that the arms race would largely disappear if Communism disappeared, it is no longer good enough to blame arms-race problems on Communism alone; it is also true that the arms race, once begun, is in part self-generating.

Can we construct a rational world security system capable of blocking military aggression and simultaneously of dealing with the threat of the arms race? Can peace be maintained without an unlimited arms race by a stabilized system of deterrents and arms controls?

I believe that these questions can be answered affirmatively in view of the advantages to both the United States and the Soviet Union of stabilizing massive deterrence.

What We Want

Consider first the nature of massive deterrence. To deal with the threat that Russia, now the world's only other great military power, might initiate nuclear war against us, we have built a capacity for massive retaliation against military forces and productive centers. This retaliatory strength deters by presenting Russia with a situation in which it would lose immensely more than it could possibly gain from initiating nuclear war against us. Our policy of massive deterrence is now undergoing a critical period of change, whether we like it or not. Until now, our deterrent power has been based on military superiority—composed of a nuclear advantage, a better geographical situation and base structure, and greater air strength. In a few years these particular military superiorities will either vanish or lose their significance.

The Russian nuclear stockpile,

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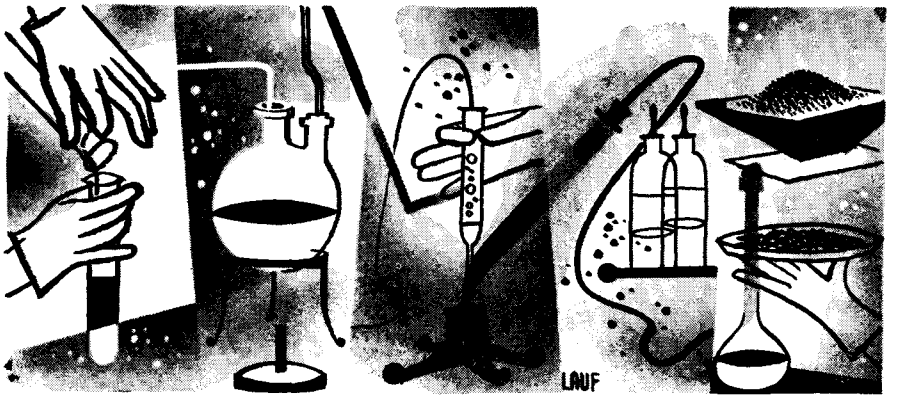

while perhaps not equal to our own, will nevertheless be quite sufficient for military and retaliatory purposes. ICBMs and submarine-missile systems will give the Russians an intercontinental capability and offset much of our current advantage in overseas bases. Rocket devices, whose development the Russians emphasized after the war while we tarried and in whose technology they now lead us, will become the principal retaliatory weapons.

Then, too, consider the sources of modern military power. In some fields of science and technology, the Russians are clearly our equals. As for production know-how, it is no longer mass production in a sudden mobilization after a surprise attack that counts, but the ability to produce batches of new weapons systems promptly as new technology makes them feasible. In this regard, Russia has demonstrated shorter lead times than our own. As for the economic source of military power, the Soviet system, although it is smaller than our own, has demonstrated a sustained ability to divert a much larger fraction of its budget to military ends, whether in peace or war. Another source of military power is the sort of military intelligence that enables a nation to know quickly where the threats and opportunities are and what new equipment needs to be built. Here the Russians are definitely superior. In short, we cannot be complacent about the relative strengths of Soviet versus American sources of military power.

INSTEAD of deterrence through military superiority, then, we shall soon have the long-heralded situation of mutual deterrence. Russia, too, will have achieved a capacity for massive retaliation sufficient to "kill" the U.S. as a modern nation.

There are a number of critically important things we can and must do to maintain deterrence against massive Russian attack.

One military measure which should have been taken years ago and which is now crucial is to make our retaliatory force relatively invulnerable: in military jargon, we must disperse, give mobility to, and "harden" our present "soft" retaliatory forces. These forces now include our quite vulnerable SAC airfields, many vulnerable overseas bases, and aircraft carriers. A temporary solution is being sought by SAC, which will soon be more dispersed and able to have one-third of its striking force airborne in fifteen minutes. Although SAC thus becomes less vulnerable, even this partial solution depends on actually receiving timely warning—no easy trick in an age of ballistic rockets. The real solution to the problem of developing a hard retaliatory force lies in many dispersed underground, submarine, and mobile launching sites for rocket weapons. The costs of an invulnerable rocket retaliatory force are large and must be borne. There is little reason to continue to pour vast sums into soft bomber and carrier systems.

Our second essential step in preparation for the coming period of mutual deterrence is to obtain reliable warning of surprise attack. Our deterrent power will be greatly enhanced when we have both hard bases and adequate warning. But with soft bases and without warning, we shall be inviting attack whenever Russia has a massive intercontinental capability.

It was to solve the warning problem that the Russians themselves on May 10, 1955, proposed the exchange of ground control posts at major military establishments. Although nuclear warheads can be concealed without much difficulty, a system of inspection that could be depended on to discover major military movements would go far to prevent surprise attacks and accidental wars caused by misinterpretation.

The third step we must take in order to stabilize deterrence is to make certain that our retaliatory weapons are not inferior to those of the Russians. This means getting excellent information about Russian military affairs—much better than the intelligence we now have. Our own "open skies" proposal would go far toward enabling us to avoid insufficiency in our retaliatory weapons.

Thus, from the American point of view, controlled mutual deterrence will increase security and can be substituted for the arms race for military superiority, provided that we have hardened our bases and that there is enough mutual inspection to warn of surprise attack and provide information to warn of approaching retaliatory inadequacy. Air inspection by space satellites may be the key to a rational world security system.

What They Want

Now let us examine the Russians' position. Are they ready to accept any arms controls? Despite the failure of the London disarmament talks, I personally hold firmly to the view that within a few years Russia will accept enough controls to stabilize the arms race. Consider these five points from the Russian point of view:

First, Russia will achieve in a few years a sufficient intercontinental capacity for massive retaliation, at least for all practical political purposes. Russian diplomacy and political conflict strategy will no longer be restrained by retaliatory inferiority.

Second, it is obvious from Russian protestations and threats about missile weapons for NATO countries that Russia is becoming acutely aware of the nth-country problem. This awareness has been sharpened by reflection about the Hungarian

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revolt; suppose Hungary had been in possession of modern weapons of retaliation? Also, Russia can hardly thrill at the notion of a Nasser or a Mao being so equipped.

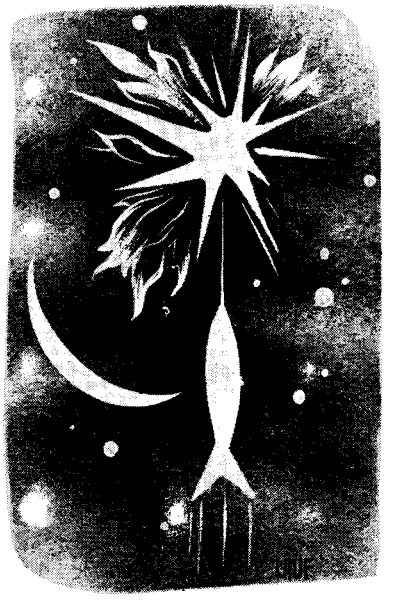
For the Soviets, the problem of controls on nuclear production is a matter of fine judgment as to timing. Production controls too soon would mean an inadequate retaliatory capacity vis-à-vis the U.S. Accepting them too late will bring the risks of the nth-country problem. Thus, it seems reasonable to estimate that Russia will try to strike a balance and accept controls on nuclear production within a few years.

Third, certain quarters in Russia have now developed genuine apprehension of a surprise mass attack. In the postwar years, Russian military planners became fully aware of the decisive nature of surprise attack with modern weapons, and the obsolescence of the historical Russian defense based on mass deployed in depth as successfully used against both the Napoleonic and Hitlerian invasions. SAC's readiness exercises and preventive-war talk in the United States keep this apprehension alive. Today it is supplemented in Russia by an awareness of the danger of accidental war. There is every reason to believe that the Russians' interest in warning of surprise has persisted since they proposed an exchange of ground control posts in May, 1955.

Fourth, with the advent of the Sputniks and the Air Force's announcement before Lyndon Johnson's Senate Preparedness subcommittee that it will operate a reconnaissance satellite by the spring of 1959, the Russians assuredly realize that "open skies" are inevitable. In addition, they must now realize that the "open skies" proposal was not just a trick of U.S. intelligence but a necessary precondition if the United States is ever to give up the arms race and accept a stable military stand-off, whether tacitly or explicity recognized. The Russians seem concerned that our first reaction to Sputnik was to accelerate the arms race. The combination of this concern about a continued arms race, our firm insistence on "open skies" as the key precondition for stabilizing the military situation, and their awareness of its inevitability will surely bring mutual aerial inspection before long.

Fifth, Russian Communist imperialism always considers all methods in planning and executing its strategy of conflict with the West. There is ample evidence that in the present military situation Russia now sees a great deal more to be gained by the methods of nonviolent conflict than by war. True, it has first to achieve at least retaliatory sufficiency with the United States in order to free its diplomacy to play a fully mischievous role. But this sufficiency will be achieved in a few years, and it has already been discounted in advance throughout diplomatic and propaganda circles. Therefore, it is quite in keeping with Russia's over-all strategy to stabilize the arms race in order to release economic and technological resources for the waging of nonviolent conflict.

FOR ALL THESE reasons and more, Russia will soon accept enough controls to stabilize deterrence and minimize risks from the nth-country problem and accidental wars. While welcoming this development and avoiding unreasonable demands in negotiations, we must, of course, insist on soundly conceived and



executed controls. For Russia, still pursuing its goal of world domination, and still relying on a total, amoral strategy to achieve it, will not hesitate to exploit weaknesses in any arms-control program. The blatant use of "Ban the Bomb" propaganda, while officially recognizing that inspection for warheads is no longer practical, is evidence enough of Russian duplicity on disarmament issues. We must proceed both with optimism and with caution, an approach Harold Stassen wisely took in all his disarmament negotiations.

Rational and Realistic

The time has clearly come to do a little inventing in a novel field. Instead of inventing new weapons systems ad infinitum, science and technology must lift their sights and invent a rational world system to provide security from war; this system must be based on rationally organized and controlled deterrents. While technology has brought the greatest threat from war the world has ever known, it has also brought the greatest opportunity for security from war.

Such a system is our main hope for peace in the 1960's. The hope of eliminating the economic, political, and ideological causes of conflict is far from promising. The hope of eliminating the means of violent conflict through a direct assault on the disarmament issue itself is equally unpromising for the time being. But there is substantial hope of securing a stable peace by a sensible organization of the world's deterrent power and arms controls.

This system will in turn lead to improved methods for peaceful change and resolving conflicts; later it will lead to substantial arms reductions. But the first order of business is to construct world security arrangements that take account of mutual massive deterrents, limited deterrents, and certain arms controls.

THE DESIGN of such a system would obviously be a very complicated matter. But it may be useful to summarize certain concepts which can and soon will be accepted as a matter of mutual self-interest and which will enable such a system to be organized.

Both the United States and the Soviet Union must build invulnerable rather than soft retaliatory systems, including underground ICBMs and two-stage intercontinental systems of the submarine-rocket and aircraft-rocket type. The United

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States must abandon the now profitless pursuit of decisive counterforce superiority vis-à-vis Russia, the pursuit of the "instant" in its capacity for massive retaliation, and the illusory hope of security through anti-rocket defensive systems. Russia must and will soon accept equivalent notions and, also, sufficient mutual inspection to warn of surprise attacks, to minimize the dangers of accidental war, and to warn of any approaching insufficiency in the retaliatory capability of either side.

As these concepts gain acceptance, the construction of a rational world security system can go forward rapidly. Disengagement, limitation on tests and nuclear production, the organization of international security forces, and limitations on the uses of modern weapons will appear as matters of logical self-interest.

Left to themselves, mutual deterrents are bound to become increasingly unstable and exposed to uncontrollable accidents. But stabilized by certain arms controls, mutual deterrents can pave the way to later reductions.

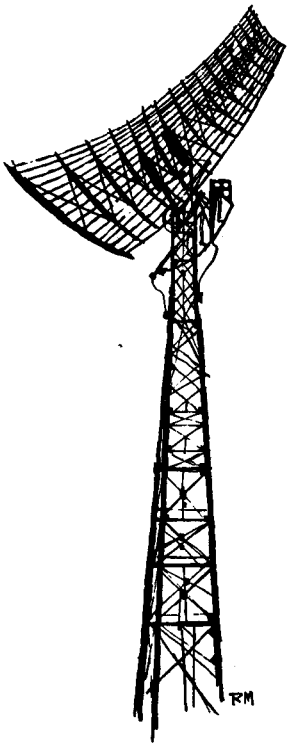
What Science Can Do

How can science contribute to the achievement of a rational world security system? The possibilities are almost limitless. Let us consider a few suggestions. First, new scientific disciplines, such as operations analysis, war gaming techniques, and systems engineering, have been developed in recent years into powerful tools for dealing with large, complex problems. Brought to bear on the design of a rational world security system, they could help produce answers to such questions as: At what point will the pay off from the pursuit of counterforce superiority among great powers disappear in the 1960's? How many ground control posts are necessary to provide an adequate mutual system to warn of surprise attack, or to minimize the dangers of accidental war? Where should they be located, and how should they be manned and equipped?

The physical sciences, too, can contribute in important ways, particularly in providing the tools for inspection. Of the many possibilities, one merits specific consideration now, as it might well provide the key to the entire deadlock on arms controls.

What I mean is inspection satellites. Their feasibility can hardly be doubted any longer. There are the Sputniks in being, some apparently capable of carrying a half-ton payload, and there has recently been a good deal of official testimony before Congressional committees as well as responsible reporting in the press about the imminence of TV satellites, both Russian and American.

Need we let the Russians reap yet another propaganda victory from their space technology by putting a simple television camera in Sputnik III and demonstrating an inspection satellite? Although this would not produce information of much actual



significance, the Russians have already displayed an acute awareness of the political value of simple space devices. It would surely compound our chagrin if they would thus be able to capture for their own propaganda the appeal of the President's "open skies" plan.

Cannot our science produce such an instrument of peace? Have not the Russians already established through precedence the right of large satellites to be anywhere around the earth? Cannot the inevitability of inspection from space be used to accelerate Russian acceptance of some aerial inspection as well? A combination of space, aerial, and ground inspection would become the most powerful means for stabilizing the world's military situation and ending the madness of the current arms race. A United Nations arms-control agency equipped with modern data-processing devices could compile and disseminate the information to all nations. What better contributions could science make to peace?

BUT THE FUNDAMENTAL problem still remains. How do we enlist science in the building of a rational security system? Science can contribute many tools for solving the problem, but the joining of science to the arms-control problem is a political matter.

Private organizations are now pointing the way. The initiative of the National Planning Association through its Committee on Security through Arms Control is one attempt to bring scientists and the arms-control problem together. But private means, essential and promising though they may be, are too slow and inadequate to cope with the total problem. Government must act.

Harold Stassen, who has done so much against so many odds to achieve arms controls, made an attempt in this direction two and a half years ago when he established seven task groups to advise him on inspection matters. For his many initiatives, he well deserves the gratitude of his countrymen. But these task forces were called on only sporadically, and part-time advisers are inadequate anyway. What is needed is a full-time staff of many hundreds of system engineers and scientists of mixed disciplines whose sole duty would be to study and experiment with arms controls and the doctrines and design of a rational world security system.

For military purposes, we have several such groups—the Air Force has its RAND Corporation, the Army its Operations Research Office, the Defense Department its Institute of Defense Analyses—all serving to speed the arms race. Why couldn't the government organize one such group to be concerned with checking the arms race?

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A Great Green Path Across America

AVERELL HARRIMAN

ALBANY

IT SEEMS TO ME that the case for banning billboards on our new National System of Defense and Interstate Highways is both simple and irrefutable. We have mapped out and begun building what will be the largest superhighway system in the world. If we keep it free of billboards it can also be one of the most beautiful.

In the field of transportation, the American genius for the practical has created many objects of unique utility, ranging from the Yankee clippers to the Brooklyn Bridge, which have also been uniquely beautiful. The divided limited-access expressway, following the contours of the land rather than slicing through it, is in many ways our most impressive achievement yet. The gliding, effortless grace of these vast stretches of concrete sweeping along the American countryside has given a new dimension to travel, and thereby to life in the United States.

Three-quarters of the mileage of the interstate system will be built over new rights of way, where no road has ever before existed. Since they can be entered only at fifteen- to twenty-mile intervals, there will be none of the ribbon development that has grown up along our older roads. If the billboards are also kept away from our new superhighways the countryside will remain untouched: in constructing a military transportation system, we shall have built at the same time forty-one thousand miles of national park.

LEGISLATION aimed at banning billboards from the interstate system was defeated in Congressional committee last year. The same bill is up for action again this session, but if it fails again it may be too late. The states, which are paying ten per cent of the cost and carrying out the actual construction, have already completed some sections. The billboards are already going up. Once they are up, there is little likelihood of their ever coming down.

Towards the end of last year's battle in Congress, Arthur Krock observed that the public didn't seem to care what happened. I think it might be more accurate to say that the public didn't know what was at stake. Perhaps it still doesn't. It may be we

have shouted "Colossal!" at one another so often we have trouble recognizing something really big when it does come along. In much the way that space satellites were once looked upon by some as just another scientific gimmick, the interstate system seems to be generally regarded as just another highway program.

It is a great deal more than that. The Highway Act of 1956 authorized the largest public-works program in history. We are not simply improving our road transportation facilities, the way Indian trails were made into wagon routes which in turn became highways. We are creating an entirely new system to bind centers of population together in a vast network of four-lane, limited-access, and for the most part toll-free superhighways. In the age of the metropolis and the automobile, it will become the primary transportation system of the nation. It will take at least thirteen years to complete and will cost $60 billion—three times the total capitalization of American railroads.

Blocking Out the Catskills

Because what we are building is an entirely new system, it has become both more necessary and at the same time more possible for us to maintain our contacts with the strength and beauty of the American countryside. It is wrong to let the billboards spoil it all.

To understand the alternatives, one need only compare the New York State Thruway with Route 17, which connects with the Thruway near my farm at Harriman forty miles north of New York City. The Thruway, running up the Hudson to Albany and from there west along the Mohawk to Buffalo and beyond, is one of the first major segments of the interstate system to have been completed. In my opinion it is one of the most beautiful highways in the world, giving the traveler magnificent views of the Hudson and Mohawk Valleys. Route 17 runs through equally lovely country in the Catskill Mountains and along the southern tier of New York counties. It is not yet part of the interstate system, but it is being rebuilt to interstate specifications by many of the same engineers who built the Thruway. The only difference is that a state law forbids billboards within five hundred feet of the Thruway, whereas Route 17, which is not so protected, is being lined with billboards that either block out the Catskills or distract the eyes from them.

As if that weren't bad enough in itself, we recently discovered that crews of workmen had been sent by unknown persons onto state property along a newly completed stretch of Route 17 to cut down stands of trees that were obstructing the view of some new billboards.

BANNING BILLBOARDS along the new Interstate Highways could scarcely be called a heavy blow to the advertising industry. There are 3,400,000 miles of streets and roads in the nation, most of which remain open to as many billboards as advertisers are willing to pay for. The interstate system will add a mere 1.2 per cent to the total mileage. Moreover, the

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small businesses such as motels and restaurants that use billboards to advertise their whereabouts can do so at the exits, which are the only points where travelers can turn off the highways anyway.

The curious—and recently discovered—argument that billboards contribute to traffic safety by keeping people awake is an admirable bit of best-defense-is-a-strong-offense strategy, but that is about all that can be said for it. To be sure, it has not been established that billboards actually cause accidents on the open highways, although a study made by the Minnesota Department of Highways in co-operation with the U.S. Bureau of Public Roads indicated that the greater the number of non-official signs at intersections, the higher were the accident rates. As for the open highways, there is not one jot of scientifically documented evidence to prove billboards actually prevent accidents at any hour of the day, much less at night when most of them can't be seen anyway.

Inducement to the States

The responsibility for protecting the beauty of our new highways is inescapably that of the individual states that are designing and building them and will subsequently maintain them. Such is the power of the billboard interests, however, that it seems clear there will have to be some Federal inducement to persuade the states to act. Last year I requested the New York State Legislature to extend the Thruway prohibition against billboards to all of our interstate and limited-access highways. The bill passed the Assembly by a thumping 124 to 19, only to meet a silent death in a Senate committee. I have requested legislative action again this year.

Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee, chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Public Roads, is vigorously supporting a proposal to increase by three-quarters of one per cent the amount the Federal government will pay toward construction in any state that prohibits billboards within 660 feet of the interstate highway. This would add nothing to the total cost of the highways but it would provide a substantial inducement to state legislators. And it is they, after all, who must make the final decision.

How We Stand With the Canadians

WALTER O'HEARN

MONTREAL

WHEN CANADA holds its general election on March 31, a good many Canadians will go to the polls convinced that they are voting on Ottawa's future relations with Washington, expressed in some circles as Standing Up to the Yankees or Getting Along with Our Great Neighbor.

It is not as simple as that. U.S.-Canadian relations are always a political issue in Canada. But at the moment a minority cabinet that has been trying to govern the country since last June is most concerned with ending this cat-and-mouse situation by an appeal to the people. Canada has felt the heavy tailsting of the general economic recession, and the present government must move fast before the Tory-recession label is made to stick.

"Tory" is the Canadian name for the Conservative Party, known in its own literature but never in headlines as the Progressive-Conservative Party. Canadian Conservatives have a strong imperialist tradition; hugging the British connection tighter is almost a reflex action with them in any situation. Accordingly, when John Diefenbaker took office last year as the first Tory Prime Minister in twenty-two years, he avowed his intention of diverting fifteen per cent of Canada's trade from the United States to the United Kingdom.

DIEFENBAKER is a prairie lawyer of German and Scottish descent who could melt into the U. S. House of Representatives without a trace. He sees nothing inconsistent in his British attachment and he is utterly sincere and forthright. The chosen platform for Diefenbaker's declaration of policy was the Dartmouth Convocation at Hanover, New Hampshire, last September.

That convocation had for its theme "Great Issues in the Anglo-Canadian-American Community."

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Sherman Adams had told the convocation that erection of trade barriers between Canada and the United States could lead to acrimony. Without ignoring this hint, the Canadian Prime Minister pitched in.

"Brooklyn sells more to Canada than Argentina does," he explained. "Louisville sells more to Canada than New Zealand does—Chicago sells almost as much to Canada as does West Germany . . . Even in agricultural products Canada buys a larger volume of American agricultural products, by $100 million, than Canada sells to the United States.

"What you are buying from us," he emphasized, "is largely raw materials or semi- or partially manufactured materials, for the United States tariff system prohibits any major import of manufactured goods.

"This concentration of trade in one channel contains inherent dangers for Canada. It makes the Canadian economy altogether too vulnerable to sudden changes in trading policy at Washington. Canadians do not wish to have their economic, any more than their political, affairs determined outside Canada."

Since the Dartmouth speech, the United States government has clapped a fifteen per cent cut on the import of Canadian oils into the Pacific Northwest—a gesture felicitously made on Christmas Eve. This and proposed restrictions upon the imports of nonferrous metals have been somehow linked in the Canadian mind to an unemployment figure that rose to eight per cent of the work force in January, and discussion has taken on a sour note.

Mr. Merchant's Elephant

Livingston T. Merchant, U. S. Ambassador to Canada, did nothing to sweeten conversation or restore reason when he read Canadians one of those fatherly lectures Washington diplomats feel privileged to give in a friendly country. Hamilton, Ontario, the chosen venue for this admonition, is very like an Ohio industrial town, and perhaps Mr. Merchant made the mistake of feeling too much at home.

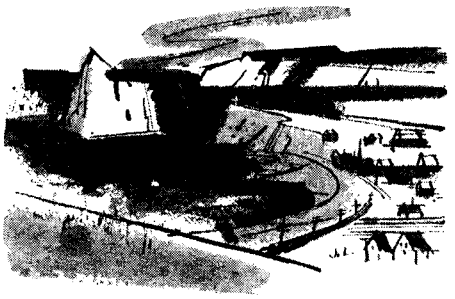
"Imports into Canada from the United States," he told the Women's Canadian Club, "represent in the aggregate the individual choices of millions of Canadian private citizens buying what they want on terms which they consider more advantageous than are available elsewhere." He chided Canadians for their fear "that the great elephant to the south, in the most friendly and unconscious way, may roll over in his sleep and inadvertently break Canadian bones," and added that the adverse balance of trade "is a Canadian problem and not one created or forced on Canada by a predatory neighbor."

Canadians may realize the good sense of these words and still wonder at an American ambassador saying them. On their seasonal forays into the United States, Canadians may be dimly aware that each shiny gadget depresses further a trade balance which in 1956 was $1.3 billion against them. But they just don't like being told about it.

The Australian Channel

The general acrimony has been increased by debates in the Canadian parliament. Its dying days, before prorogation on February 1, were filled with bitter and unparliamentary language. The chief opposition party, the Liberals, still angry at their unlooked-for defeat last June, have hammered at the theme that feeble Tory attempts to deal with Washington have hampered economic recovery.

In January the Liberals chose a new leader, a man who has been



dealing with Washington as a diplomat or as External Affairs Minister for a quarter of a century. Lester Bowles Pearson, who is never called anything but Mike Pearson, is the Canadian public man best known to Americans. Awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for 1957, he is a man of international stature. One of his arguments for the return of his party to office is the Liberals' proved ability to get along with the United States.

Like most political claims, even when they are broadly true, this one admits of exceptions. The Liberals under W. L. Mackenzie King and Louis St. Laurent had a record of getting along with the Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower régimes, but it was not a twenty-two-year honeymoon. Pearson once complained, or warned, in a Toronto address that friendly relations between Canada and the United States are no longer "easy or automatic." That statement, made by mischance on the day of Douglas MacArthur's dismissal, rebounded in a Washington that was already tense and exasperated. Months later an Australian diplomat told me that his embassy had become the channel between the State Department and the Canadians.

One continuing source of friction at the government level is Article 2 of the North Atlantic Treaty. The Canadians, stressing from the first their importance as outspoken junior partners in the alliance, insisted upon this "economic clause" in the NATO agreement. The freer trade it advocates has been honored in the breach.

Diefenbaker, who is not the man to disdain a good thing just because his rivals invented it, took up the freer-trade cause at the NATO meetings in December. If he had scored where St. Laurent and Pearson had failed, he would have had a nice trophy to bring home. But his efforts were rewarded with the usual oratory.

Unless campaign oratory revives it, Washington is not likely to be disturbed again by an incident that once threatened the free exchange of information between the two capitals.

Last April 4, Herbert Norman, the Canadian Ambassador to Egypt, jumped to his death in Cairo. Norman was a career officer, a distinguished orientalist, and a trusted friend of Mike Pearson. Repeated sniping in Washington committees and leaks to the press about his alleged left-wing associations brought him to his death; that much is admitted. At first every Canadian editorial page blazed with indignation. Diefenbaker himself, then in opposition, mounted his white charger. When Pearson, then Secretary of

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State for External Affairs, notified Washington that confidential information would no longer be given to Washington without guarantees that it would not drop into Congressional hands, the House of Commons applauded. Then, under pounding by Diefenbaker and his chief lieutenants, the reluctant minister admitted that the ambassador had kept left-wing company in his youth.

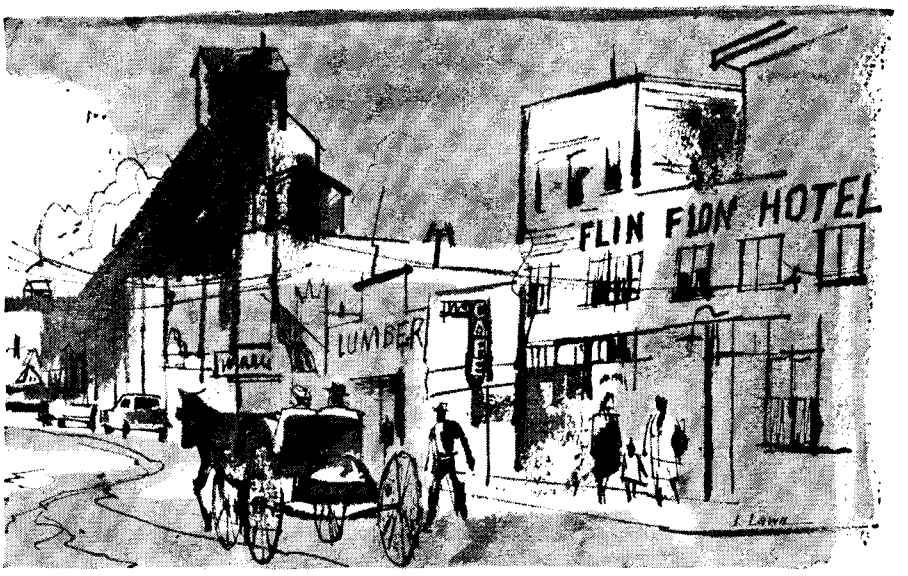
This was not a blinding revelation about a graduate student with a special interest in Far Eastern affairs in the 1930's, but it gave the opposition the chance to accuse Pearson of a lack of frankness. It even led Diefenbaker's Quebec ally, the present Solicitor General Leon Balcer, to say in a telecast that Canadians were entitled to know whether their government "employed a Communist ambassador." Little wonder, then, that the incoming Conservative government accepted assurances from the State Department that some critics felt were scant. John Diefenbaker is no witch burner, but his basic attitudes are those of a Midwestern Republican, and they react in much the same way to the mere whiff of subversion.

Thoughts of the Mother Country

The Republican simile may seem odd in view of the Tory leader's deep emotional attachment to Britain, but the likeness is inescapable. The Canadian Conservatives are not necessarily the voice of big business, but they do echo the sentiments of the business community and those of the hardware dealer, the small-town lawyer, the old Anglo-Saxon element. They include a mildly progressive wing but they have a right wing, too, with a strong hold upon party sentiment.

In the United States, certain right-wing Republicans want to go back to McKinley. The old-fashioned Canadian Tory feels a similar nostalgia, but his McKinley is an amalgam of knightly colonial statesmen who thought of the Mother Country as the chief market and the source of their prestige and strength. The impulse is the same; geography and direction are different.

The Liberals, by contrast, an amalgam of quieter New Dealers, big businessmen, and Quebeckers with no strong imperial tie, have always been continent-minded. Good Commonwealth men—Mackenzie King invented the concept—they nevertheless see trade and defense in a North American context.



Until last June the ordinary Canadian had been thinking and voting the Liberal way in increasing numbers. It is difficult to say what led the ordinary Canadian to change his mind, but probably it was not dissatisfaction with Liberal policies. A party in power for so long takes on a gloss of smugness, an easy way with parliament that an alert opposition can portray as contempt for the processes of democracy. The opposition was alert, and it did.

Baseball, Apple Pie, and TV

The ordinary Canadian is so deceptively American that it is easy to reach false conclusions about him. Let us leave to one side French Canada, a border-straddling phenomenon that has penetrated deep into New England, and concentrate on the fellow who speaks standard Midwestern English.

Two generations ago, barring a few exceptions he would have been of English, North Irish, or Scottish stock. Other countries of origin have since overtaken the British Isles in Canadian statistics, and today the typical Canadian represents as many racial strains as the typical American. This is especially true in the larger cities.

He likes baseball, apple pie, American television, American books, and American cars. His attitude toward the individual Englishman will vary from faint reserve to derision, depending upon his degree of sophistication. He is inclined to like the individual American.

But—and this must be faced—he doesn't much like the massive thing known as the United States. The premium on the Canadian dollar, not a good thing for Canada economically, gave him a certain quiet satisfaction because it seemed to put the Yanks in their place. (All Americans tend to be Yankees in Canada, even if they are from California or Mississippi.)

Since Diefenbaker and the Union Jack took over in Ottawa, the rush of American investment into Canada has declined, and the Canadian dollar along with it. The individual Canadian doesn't know whether this is a healthy thing or not. In any case, he still resents that salesgirl in Yonkers who looks at his dollar as if it were Chinese money.

THE INDIVIDUAL Canadian accepts the need for continental defense, and he understands that since the United States has the men and the money, the command will be in American hands. But he resents the decree that American NORAD (North American Air Defense) planes, taking off from a Canadian strip, must be fueled with American gas.

Some of the Canadian's attitudes are inherited or adopted. The old stock may have lost numerical dominance in British Canada, but like

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the old stock in the United States it is still able to bequeath its prejudices. Many of Canada's first families are descended from colonists who migrated north at the time of the American Revolution—Tories in United States parlance, United Empire Loyalists in their own. They may not all have been, as their descendants like to claim, the richest and the ablest people in the colonies, but they carried with them the resentment of the dispossessed. No French émigré of noble line could have hated Robespierre more than they hated the Continental Congress. In the years between, their resentment was increased by expansionist American politicians of the nineteenth century and by numerous boundary disputes, in which Canada, which was represented by uninformed and disinterested gentlemen from Whitehall, always seemed to get the short end.

In its extreme form this resentment has almost died; nobody seriously believes the Americans are going to take Ottawa tomorrow, or that Canada could do much about it if they chose to do so. But it has left an interesting inheritance. There is a notable desire in more sophisticated Canadian circles to exaggerate the shortcomings of the United States and to take visitors down a peg.

How to Breed Exasperation

How serious is all this for our common future? Not so serious as the alarmists on both sides of the border would make it—but more serious than is conceded by those who treat it as the tantrums of Little Brother who is not getting his share of attention.

The ordinary Canadian feels that there is a little too much Big Brother in the plain talk of Livingston Merchant and his predecessor R. Douglas Stuart. He knows that the two countries have to get along and is quite content for them to do so. He is confident that the United States is a good ally. Even before the Americans launched Explorer, he was not inclined to share the post-Sputnik panic.

Yet trade imbalance, embargoes on his goods, wheat dumping, reminders that the Wisconsin cheese lobby has a more powerful voice in Washington than his whole country—such things breed exasperation. They will not lead the Canadian to anything violent. But they may make John Diefenbaker's trade program, with its hint of Yankee baiting, seem attractive to him for the wrong reasons. He may not feel that "Buy British" is a magic slogan calculated to lift him out of any slump; it may even occur to him that the last Tory Prime Minister, Richard Bedford Bennett, had a similar program in the early 1930's and that Canadian recovery was awfully slow.

The Liberals' claim that they can get along with Washington may impress him. But any government in Ottawa, the Canadian knows, is going to have to get along with Washington, whatever party platforms say. If, in the meantime, Canada can have a little fun ruffling the eagle's feathers, the voter is likely to enjoy the spectacle.

Watch Your Language In the Police Station!

PAUL JACOBS

Los Angeles

Over a period of many years, Los Angeles newspaper readers have grown so accustomed to seeing the headline MICKEY COHEN ARRESTED! that the gambler's frequent run-ins with the police were considered as indigenous to Southern California as a "smorgasburger" or "The University of Totology." But a few months ago, an unexpected change took place in the hitherto standard pattern of arrest and trial for the man who, among his other activities, once ran most of the gambling in Los Angeles. On September 25, 1957, there was the usual headline in the news-

papers: MICKEY COHEN ARRESTED! Then something totally unexpected happened—Cohen balked at playing his usual role.

There had been intimations of this balking for some time, ever since the pudgy ex-newsboy, ex-boxer, and now, he claims, ex-hoodlum was released from jail, to which he had been sentenced for income-tax evasion. He had become interested in Billy Graham and is no longer, he says, "in violence."

The September arrest of Cohen was quite different from those characteristic of the years he describes as having been spent in "the gambling profession."

"In my former walk of life, when I was in power, I had no rivals. At the time my program was in operation, there was only one O.K. and that came from my office." But that's all in the past, he says, and his recent trial in Beverly Hills indicates that, whether or not Cohen is still "in violence," he's certainly in civil liberties.

Arm of the Law

The September imbroglio involved Clinton T. Anderson, the Beverly Hills chief of police, not to be confused with the Los Angeles chief of police, William Parker, with whom Cohen has also been battling. It was Parker who sued Mike Wallace and the American Broadcasting Company for alleged libelous statements made by Cohen on one of Wallace's TV programs. Cohen is fighting Beverly Hills Police Chief Anderson and the city of Beverly Hills over issues which, he says, "I would have bypassed in the days when I was operating and it was important to keep the officials' good opinion."

The issues which Cohen now refuses to "bypass" grew from his ar-

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rest, on September 25, by three Beverly Hills police officers on charges that he had failed to comply with a city ordinance requiring the registration of any nonresident ex-convict who comes into the city "five occasions or more during any thirty-day period."

Cohen lives in the western section of Los Angeles, where he did

register as an ex-convict under the resident provision of its ordinance. But in order to get to other parts of the city, Cohen must pass through Beverly Hills.

On September 25, Cohen had been sitting with his lawyer in a restaurant near the courts in downtown Los Angeles, miles away from Beverly Hills. It was the last day he had to file an answer to the libel suit placed against him by Police Chief Parker. Three Beverly Hills policemen came into the restaurant, arrested him, and took him back to the Beverly Hills police station to be booked on the failure-to-register charge. There, newspaper reporters, photographers, and TV cameramen were awaiting his arrival. Cohen, "much put out," as he said, and "fairly angry" at what he called a "roust," refused to pose for the pictures while being fingerprinted. He'd "been arrested enough to know the procedure," he said, and he knew that it is "against every rule" to take such pictures.

While he was standing at the booking desk in the police station, he felt an arm on his shoulder; an arm belonging to Clinton Anderson, the Beverly Hills chief of police whom Cohen said he had known for about twenty years.

To Cohen, feeling as he did, the chief's arm on his shoulder was "like putting a red flag in front of a bull." He turned on the chief and shouted: "You phoney son of a bitch! You could have called me in if you had any beefs against me. You don't have to send three officers to First and Broadway in Los Angeles to arrest me on the last hour and the last day I had to answer a suit against Parker. What are you trying to do? Are you trying to do a favor for Parker?"

The police also claim that Cohen called the chief a "bastard," coupling that description of him with another phrase extremely unlikely to be the prize-winning secret "common word" on the Groucho Marx program.

In any case, whatever additional common or uncommon words Cohen used to describe his feelings, the chief ordered him arrested on the additional charges of disturbing the peace of the police station and disorderly conduct. The disturbing-the-peace charge grew out of Cohen's alleged "use of vulgar, profane and indecent language in the presence of women in a loud and boisterous manner."

There was no dispute over the fact that Cohen was loud in the police station or that women were present: to wit, a policewoman on duty and the chief's secretary, who both heard Cohen's description of the chief. Later, at Cohen's trial, the policewoman accounted for her ability to remember the appellations he had applied to the chief because "foul language has a way of sticking in your ears. You retain it longer than ordinary conversation." The chief's secretary, on the other hand, opined that while she might have heard the phrase "son of a bitch" sometime in her life, she was sure she had never heard the police chief or any police officer use it. Neither had she ever seen it printed in a book because she didn't "have much time for reading."

The two charges added to the one of failing to register convinced Cohen that he was being unfairly treated. He determined to fight. "Many people in my former walk of life ask me how come I'm bucking city hall. Well, I went through many years of my life which weren't in the best light and I want to make amends for it. In the old days, things that would turn my stomach now, I just took as a matter of course. So, even though they break my back financially, I made up my mind I was going to fight."

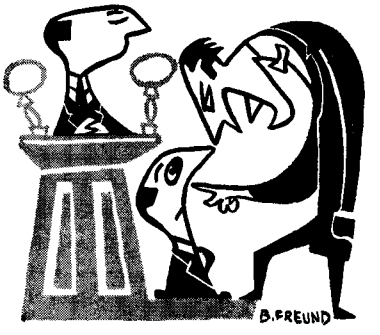
As the first step in that fight, Cohen retained A. L. Wirin and Fred Okrand, Los Angeles civil-liberties lawyers, who immediately got the disorderly-conduct charge dismissed, had a date set for argument on the constitutionality of the nonresident ex-convict registration clause, and then went to a jury trial on the charge that Cohen had disturbed the peace of the police station by "using vulgar, profane and indecent language in the presence of women in a loud and boisterous manner."

'Hands in My Pockets'

The trial quickly established all the essential facts: Cohen's arrest in downtown Los Angeles, the presence of the newspapermen and photographers at the police station, and the phrases used by Cohen to describe the chief; phrases which an expert on profanity, testifying as a defense witness, pointed out were in common use and could be found not only in modern and older novels but even in a play written by the former ambassador to Italy, Clare Boothe Luce.

At the trial, Wirin asked Cohen what his intent had been in describing Anderson as a "phoney son of a bitch." Cohen replied, "I expressed myself as to what I thought he was, a phoney son of a bitch, because here is a man that has been my friend, he sticks his hands in my pockets many times, and this was just being a roust to arrest me and since I have just returned home from the penitentiary and because I have lived my life as good as any person could possibly live it."

Amplifying his feelings toward the



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chief, Cohen testified that "for fifteen to twenty years, he was able to call me at any time; I had never once failed to come in at his request on any occasion or any questions that he wanted to call me in for and it was my intent particularly to talk or discuss it with him, because if he had called me and had said to me 'Mickey, you must register. We have an ordinance or something that you must register,' I would only have been too glad to do that."

Asked what he meant by the phrase "he sticks his hands in my pockets," Cohen answered, "I have done some other transactions with Chief Anderson." These "transactions," in the old days, involved "things that had monetary values" like "cases of Scotch" which he gave because "it was hard to get good liquor and I felt kindly toward the Chief."

Cohen gave two examples of the "numerous transactions"—one involving an agreement with the chief "that he was to leave me alone and that I was to leave him alone" and the other "that whatever it was to be done outside of certain little bookmaking operations or bookmaking propositions, that it shouldn't be done in Beverly Hills." The "certain little bookmaking operations" conducted in Beverly Hills, by agreement with the chief, said Cohen, "were certain little phone rooms that could be operated" or, as he described it in the language of his "former walk of life," that "could be packed in Beverly Hills."

Anderson denied having any "transactions" with Cohen, stating, "I have never allowed anyone to operate any vice of any type in Beverly Hills." He also denied getting cases of Scotch from Cohen, pointing out that when he drinks, he usually drinks bourbon.

AN HOUR AND A HALF after the case went to the jury, it returned with an acquittal for Cohen. Two weeks later, Wirin and Okrand argued the constitutionality of the registration provision; on January 17 the judge ruled in Cohen's favor, dismissing that charge against him, thus proving, once again, that civil liberties *are* for everybody, including hoodlums, retired or active, "in violence" or out of it.

The Busy Box Offices Of the Two Berlins

PAUL MOOR

WEST BERLIN

GOING from East to West Berlin, or vice versa, is just about as simple as going from Penn Station to Times Square; streetcar and bus lines are cut, but you can walk, drive your own car, or take the subway or elevated.

Even before the city was formally divided, there was considerable competition among its many theaters and other cultural institutions. Now

that German reunification seems more remote than ever, the two sectors of Berlin have settled down to a long-term competition for the leisure hours of the city's three and a half million residents.

Paris, Vienna, London, and New York each have two opera companies, but only Berlin, as far as I am aware, has three: the Municipal Opera in the western sector, and the Comic Opera and the world-famed Berlin State Opera in the eastern. West Berlin has two municipal repertory theaters and five private theaters, some of them repertory and some not. East Berlin has seven repertory theaters—all, of course, nationalized. One of them is a children's theater. Another, the famous old Metropol, is the only theater in the city where operetta is performed.

The finest musicians in the world come to Berlin to give recitals (sometimes in both sectors) and solo appearances with West Berlin's great Philharmonic Orchestra. While East Berlin's best orchestra, that of the East German radio, is not comparable with the Philharmonic, only the eastern sector affords such once-in-a-lifetime events as a recent concert which presented Igor Oistrakh in the Brahms violin concerto, David Oistrakh in the Sibelius violin concerto, and both father and son in the Bach double concerto, accompanied by Leipzig's famous old Gewandhaus Orchestra under Franz Konwitschny, East Germany's leading conductor.

The Travels of Bert Brecht

The western visitor to Berlin is astonished by the variety and high level of East Berlin's theatrical fare. Classics—Schiller, Shakespeare, Shaw—receive regular repertory production, but many totally unexpected things turn up quite regularly too. I remember going to a performance of *Lady Windermere's Fan* some years ago mainly to see what in the world the Communists would do with it; to my amazement, it was played absolutely straight, with lavish costumes and sets and great elegance. (One or two evenings later, the same company did a performance of Sartre's *The Respectful Prostitute* in which the American bad guys seemed to have been patterned after Piltdown Man, and an added bit of stage business after the last spoken line gave the play a socialist-realism ending never conceived by the author.)

Some of the unlikely works that have been playing in East Berlin, and in top-quality productions, include Giraudoux' *Amphitryon 38, The Importance of Being Earnest, The Playboy of the Western World, The Little Foxes,* and *Harvey*. Glancing at the ten-day listing of East Berlin's two operas and seven the-

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aters, I find only three out of a total of ninety performances that genuinely classify as *Tendenzstücke,* or propaganda "message" plays. They are a dramatization of John Reed's *Ten Days That Shook the World;* Sartre's play (here called *Nekrassow*) about the financial rewards of a Paris newspaper editor's anti-Communism and Red baiting; and *The Mother,* a drama by Bertolt Brecht (with songs, one of them called *In Praise of Communism,* by Gerhart Eisler's brother Hanns) based very loosely indeed on Maxim Gorki's 1907 novel.

When Bert Brecht died in 1956, the Sunday editions throughout German-speaking Europe carried full-page memorial articles, most of them calling him the greatest German dramatist and poet since Gerhart Hauptmann. An anti-Nazi refugee to the United States, he was never a member of any party. His 1947 summons before the House Un-American Activities Committee aroused, among the majority of Europeans who saw the newsreels, vast contempt for the committee and great sympathy for one of Europe's finest contemporary writers. When he returned to Europe immediately thereafter, Brecht's request to settle in West Germany was refused by the Allies.

Hearing of this, East Berlin offered him what amounted to *carte blanche*. His living monument is the Berliner Ensemble, in the same old Theater am Schiffbauerdamm where his and Kurt Weill's *Threepenny Opera* had its première in 1928. Until his death he remained the leading light of East Germany's cultural life.

Many people have never forgiven him a widely publicized telegram of congratulation to party chief Walter Ulbricht for suppressing the "anti-democratic" uprising in East Berlin in 1953; many others claim that Brecht never sent the telegram. A number of his plays—*Galileo, The Good Woman of Setzuan, The Caucasian Chalk Circle,* the by now almost classic *Mother Courage*—are still in the repertory as he directed them, and he was one of Germany's greatest directors. The Berliner Ensemble has drawn cheers not only all over eastern Europe but also in Paris, London, and West Germany. The company is probably the best in all Berlin.

While West Berlin has no single figure of Brecht's stature, it has a number of highly expert men directing its theaters. The Municipal Opera's Dr. Carl Ebert developed England's unique Glyndebourne Opera and now continues the same imaginative tradition once again in the house he voluntarily abandoned when Hitler tried to make him overlord of all German opera houses. Boleslaw Barlog, who heads the Schiller Theater, maintains a top-ranking ensemble and a consistently fascinating repertory, ranging at the moment from a much-discussed, heavily Freudian *Hamlet* to Dylan Thomas's *Under Milk Wood.*

West Berlin's other (and smaller) municipal theater, the Schlosspark, is regularly sold out in a repertory that includes *The Summer of the 17th Doll, Look Back in Anger, The Waltz of the Toreadors,* Samuel Beckett's *Fin de Partie,* and *The*

Diary of Anne Frank. The Theater am Kurfürstendamm put on Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night* before either New York or London saw it. Gore Vidal's *Visit to a Small Planet* opened recently.

Where the arts are concerned, East Berlin has more money than West Berlin to spend for subsidies; like everything else in East Germany, the theaters are part of the Five-Year Plan. It costs about fifty million marks a year to run East Berlin's nine theaters, and about thirty-eight million of that comes from the government and is allotted by the Ministry of Culture. The Berlin State Opera has an annual subsidy of 12.5 million marks, as against West Berlin's Municipal Opera's 7.2 million; the eastern sector's Deutsches Theater (once Max Reinhardt's stronghold) receives a subsidy of 3.7 million marks, as against the western Schiller Theater's 2.9 million. While the standard of performance in West Berlin leaves no ground for caviling, East Berlin's financial margin provides that luxurious extra margin which sometimes results in matchless productions.

A Plum for Herr Felsenstein

A good case in point is that of Walter Felsenstein, whose name has become so familiar as director of East Berlin's Komische Oper that many Berliners, East and West, speak of it as *"die Felsenstein Oper."* Brought in from Vienna (where he had never staged opera) and given a succulent contract that allowed him a big enough percentage of his salary in westmarks for him to maintain a villa in West Berlin's swank Dahlem section (in the American sector), Felsenstein has become the pampered darling of East Berlin's theatrical life. Whereas Brecht's Berliner Ensemble thought nothing of rehearsing a new production for four months (the average Broadway show gets four weeks, plus out-of-town tryouts), Felsenstein more often than not will rehearse a new production, week in, week out, for a solid year. The result has been a succession of operatic productions that have become legendary.

When I asked a spokesman for the East German Ministry of Culture how he felt about such a money-consuming rehearsal policy, he managed a slight smile and said, "As long as the house sells out every night and people fight for tickets, that's all we ask of Herr Felsenstein." Although West Berlin resident Felsenstein has generally remained aloof from political matters, a recent East Berlin theater program carried a statement by him in which he wrote, "Immediately after the war . . . the help of the Soviet Occupation authorities and the understanding cultural policy of our [i.e., the East German]

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government and of the municipal administration came to the aid of the . . . living theater. And thus it is no accident that after the division of Berlin the city's theatrical life received by far its greatest impetus in the Democratic [i.e., East] sector." Translated in more condensed form: Felsenstein never had it so good.

Just as a sixteen-mark East Berlin ticket costs a West Berliner only four marks, the exchange situation would normally mean that a West Berlin four-mark top-balcony seat would cost an East Berliner sixteen of his eastmarks. However, special funds voted by West Berlin's senate enable all West Berlin theaters (including the private ones, concerts, and museums) to sell their admission tickets for eastmarks at the rate of one to one to anybody showing East German identity papers. Even the West Berlin movie houses make special, although less generous, allowances.

LAST SPRING, when West Berlin's Schiller Theater played *Major Barbara* in Leipzig, conservative West Berlin papers excoriated the company, and the Leipzig Theater's intended return visit has yet to take place.

David Oistrakh and Leipzig's Gewandhaus Orchestra had the bad luck to have a long-planned West Berlin concert canceled at the last moment in 1953, when it fell on what turned out to be the last day of the unsuccessful four-power conference; the authorities feared that the embittered West Berliners, who were in an unusually ugly mood, might do something rash. Such incidents, however, have been few. Since then, the Peking Opera, the Siberian Folk Ensemble, and other such groups have made enormously successful appearances in West Berlin, and without the slightest incident. The official West Berlin policy is that exchanges are perfectly all right as long as they are handled by direct negotiations between the groups involved, without intervention from the East German government.

It may be a poor consolation to the Berliners, but the anomaly of the city's political and economic division has made it one of the most exciting places in the world as far as the performing arts are concerned.

Miss Chang, Mr. Poo, And the Sad Plight of Wu I-Ping

DAVID HOTHAM

ONE OF the troubles with Communists is that they take themselves so seriously, and no Communists take themselves more seriously than the Chinese. I learned this about them last summer, during a two months' stay in China on a journalist's visa. I learned also that there is no such thing in Communist China as a direct approach. In our countries if you wish to visit a school, say, you simply get in touch with the principal and propose a day. But that is not the case in China. Since the state in China is omnipresent, you can approach only by way of the state, and the channel of approach for a journalist is the little waiting room at the Department of Foreign Affairs in Peking. It is not an inspiring room, with its plush armchairs and tall golden curtains. I spent countless hours sitting on those plush chairs, staring at the tall golden curtains and waiting for the omnipotent being who was the key to all my contacts with the Chinese race. Each journalist is allotted one such being to look after his visit; the arbiter of my own particular fortunes was Miss Chang.

Impersonality Girl

Miss Chang was a young woman of about twenty-seven, who was employed in what I later discovered to be a junior position in the press and information department of the the Chinese Department of Foreign Affairs. She wore thick horn-rimmed spectacles, cotton dresses, and schoolgirls' little white socks. She always referred to herself as Miss Chang, and I always called her Miss Chang. Though I was told later that she had a husband and two children, she never mentioned this fact in my presence. She had one of the most glamorous telephone voices I have ever heard. She spoke very good English, and would call me at my hotel very early in the morning, when I was still barely awake, to tell me about appointments that she had made for me. "You see," she would purr in Hedy Lamarr accents (she always started with "You see"), "You see, you have two interviews today—Birth Control at nine-thirty and the Archbishop of Manchuria at three. You will need an interpreter for both interviews. . . ."

Miss Chang was the most impersonal, imperturbable, impenetrable human being I have ever encountered. I have no doubt she was a convinced Marxist, even though I never managed to discuss politics with her. On all questions within her purview she spoke with the tone of finality that a headmistress employs in speaking to the girls—it admitted of no appeal to a higher tribunal. When my requests exceeded her authority, as they frequently did, she asked for time to refer the matter to some higher authority in the government, who in due course, though often after much delay, replied.

I SPENT my first night in a hotel in Canton called The Love of the Masses. It might indeed have struck me as extraordinary that a hotel should be called The Love of the Masses, if it were not that I had expected everything in a Communist country, even the names of the hotels, to have some ideological association. All westerners visiting China from capitalist Hong Kong spend their first night in this particular hotel, and I have reason to suppose that its suggestive name is a peculiarly Chinese method of pricking the traveler's conscience. At least as I lay awake that first night listening to the deafening blare of foghorns on the Pearl River, I fell to wondering whether I *did* love the masses. I can well believe that anyone of a sensitive or reflective nature, even if he is a Communist, might easily come to the conclusion that he cannot stand the masses, and that

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consequently he is not fitted for the Communist Utopia.

The next morning I forgot about it as I settled myself comfortably into the cushions of the Canton-Peking express, to start on a three-day journey of fifteen hundred miles across this vast country. What does China look like through the train window? It isn't easy to say. The windows of Chinese trains are designed for the specific purpose of not being looked through. This is effectively and simply achieved by placing a broad band of extremely opaque material right across the middle of the windowpane, at eye level. The traveler who wants to see the countryside is obliged either to contract himself into a ball in order to look under this obstruction or to expand himself into a giraffe to look over it. A third alternative, of course, is to stand, but doing this for fifteen hundred miles is remarkably fatiguing.

Still, it is unfair to carp too much about this disadvantage of Chinese trains, which are fast, punctual, comfortable, and clean. The cleanliness of the Chinese trains is remarkable. Indeed, most of the railway attendants wear gauze mouth pads impregnated with menthol, which gives them the appearance of surgeons about to operate. Hygiene is sweeping the country. The Communists seem to disapprove of germs as much as they do of capitalists and landowners. At intervals of half an hour throughout the entire journey to Peking, I was politely invited by a masked man to lift my feet while he mopped the carriage floor. Whenever I looked out into the corridor, there was always somebody mopping. At first I supposed that this was a show put on for my benefit as a foreign journalist, but I soon found out that it was being done all over the train, even in places where there was no likelihood that I would go.

THOSE WHO KNEW the old China may be glad to hear, however, that the Chinese have not given up all their former habits. The peculiar Chinese manner of spitting, that awe-inspiring eructation which appears to proceed more from the depths of the soul than the body, flourishes as well as ever under Communism, as I had ample opportunities to witness. Often these rich sounds chimed harmoniously with the Oriental music from the train radio, which is one's constant companion in the great Asian spaces. This startling practice of expectoration is not by any means confined to the most humble. On more than one occasion during an interview with some dignitary in Peking, I was taken aback when he rose abruptly from his chair, made a noise that resembled the draining of the municipal sewage tanks, and strode hastily to one of the many spittoons with which the office was provided, thereupon returning to his seat to continue the interview as if nothing had happened.

Ask Me No Questions . . .

"Do you find interviews really worthwhile?" I was asked by one of the two western newspaper correspondents in Peking. He spoke with a disenchanted air that at first shocked me, though later I came around to his attitude. My own disenchantment began during the very first interview I had with a Chinese official. He was Mr. Poo, who was the Vice-Director of the Third Department of the Ministry of Foreign Trade.

At this interview I was accompanied by a very experienced correspondent. We wanted to find out what the official Chinese reaction was to the relaxation of the embargo on trade with China that had been announced by the British government a short time before. Mr. Poo made it apparent at an early stage in the interview that he for his part could hardly be less interested in the question. Of course he had to be careful. He was eyed closely throughout the interview by two comrades sitting on a sofa behind him who wrote down everything that was said in large notebooks, and also by the sharp little black eyes of his female interpreter. Mr. Poo discoursed for three-quarters of an hour on the pattern of Anglo-Chinese trade during the past two centuries, which was not exactly of news value, interspersed by some totally negative replies to the few questions we managed to interject into his monologue.

FEW OF the conversations I had with Chinese people were what might be described as "man to man." There was always the interpreter, of course, and if I was talking to an official, there was usually a deputation that might include as many as six assistants. Each interview was like a battle, a verbal battle to extract the precise information I wanted. The Oriental mind has a real distaste for precision. Whenever I asked a simple question—How many farms in China are higher co-operatives? or What is the estimated cost of the Sanmen Gorge Dam on the Yellow River?—I could never get a direct answer. Such a question invariably started an interminable discussion between the interpreter and the man who was being interviewed, with everyone else joining in. Even so, at the end of a lengthy discussion I often had to repeat the question.

I soon saw that the Chinese have a rooted disinclination for saying "No," and will go to almost any length to avoid saying it. Instead, they will put forward every kind of good reason why you should not visit some place—that there is no adequate hotel, that the journey is too long or too tiring, that there is no interpreter available when you get there, and so on. Everything, except that the journey is forbidden. Once I had asked to visit a labor camp near Peking. I got the impression that the authorities considered such a visit undesirable, but I was assured that my request was being studied. There was no reply until

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the very last day of my stay in Peking, when I was on the threshold of an extended tour of western China. On that day Miss Chang called me to say that my request to visit the labor camp had been granted, but that I must arrange transport with Intourist, the state agency for handling foreigners' travel. On calling my Intourist interpreter, I was dumfounded to learn that it was possible to reach the camp in question only by a four-hour train journey each way, which involved staying overnight at the other end. Since this would have ruined all my arrangements for the rest of my tour of China, I had to give it up. But the onus of the refusal was on me, not on the Chinese. They had granted my request, while at the same time making its execution unfeasible.

Another example of the same phenomenon was the reaction of the Chinese to my request for a brief extension of my residence permit, which was for two months, because I saw that it was going to be difficult to see all I wanted of China in that time. I therefore mentioned the matter to Miss Chang one morning, and asked for an extension of three weeks. She referred my request to the invisible beings, who kept me on tenterhooks for nine days during which it was impossible to make any plans. At the end of this time I was summoned to the department. The Chinese authorities, Miss Chang said this time, would be glad if I could reconsider my plans, in the light of the fact that my residence permit expired on the day it did. Nothing so crude as a direct refusal, but nonetheless absolutely effective. I protested and demanded to see the invisible beings. I actually saw one of them, a suave young Communist, who courteously repeated to me the same formula verbatim. I still don't know the reason for this delicately worded prohibition to spend a few more days in China.

The Last of an Old Profession

One of the most extraordinary interviews I had was with Wu I-Ping, the last official prostitute in Communist China. The Communists, who have a strong streak of puritanism, cleaned up prostitutes along with flies, rats, dogs, sparrows, counter-revolutionaries, and landlords. They claim to have rounded up thirty-four thousand prostitutes in the city of Shanghai alone, and either sent them back to the villages from which many of them had come or put them into reformatories,

where they were "remolded" and fitted for the socialist society. By the time I got to China, they had all been reformed and were out again—all, that is, except Wu I-Ping.

When I saw her in the reformatory, she was the most pathetic little thing imaginable. Sitting on the bench in front of me in that gaunt room, she recited her well-learned lesson under the watchful eyes of the director and my interpreter. How long had she been there? Two years. Had she tried to escape? Yes, twice. Where had she gone? To her village, but she had been denounced and sent back to the reformatory. Denounced by whom? By her enemies? No, by her friends, even by her relatives. They had been quite right, she said dutifully. How did she like life in the reformatory? She was privileged, she replied, to be there and to participate in socialist construction, to have the chance to change her life for the better.

It was pitiful to see the stereotyped answers come out one by one. She was studying Marxism, she said. "And why are you still here, when all your friends are gone?" The girl looked at the director, then at the interpreter. "My ideology is still inadequate," she replied gently. "I am not yet fully fitted for the new society."

I tried to keep politics out of the interviews, but inevitably something political crept in. I visited China at the period of the great "rightist" deviation of last summer, and the whole country was in a ferment over it. In their march to a better world, the Communists seemed more concerned with Right and Left than with Right and Wrong. Sometimes the results were curious.

For example, a Communist acquaintance with whom I was lunching one day in Peking told me about a university professor who had been accused by his students of beating his wife. This crime, said my informant, was regarded by the party as a rightist deviation. My informant clearly believed that this diagnosis was correct. The professor's case was discussed by the public and in the press, but it subsequently turned out that the accusation against him was false. The students who had wrongly accused the professor were now themselves arraigned—but this time as leftist deviationists. After some further weeks of debate, it was revealed that it was not the professor himself but his mother who had beaten the professor's wife. With this, the mother was accused of rightist deviation.

My Communist friend explained. "You see," he said, "it is like this. For a man to beat his wife or for a mother to beat her daughter-in-law smacks of the old reactionary society we have abolished. Therefore these people are rightist deviationists. On the other hand, the false charges against the professor resulted from the excess of zeal shown by the students in trying to correct these outdated practices. The students are therefore leftist deviationists. It is really quite simple."

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A Chilly Holiday On the Missile Coast

AL NEWMAN

ON A MAP of Florida, the Cape Canaveral region looks like a large bump about halfway up the east coast. The mainland of what might be termed the "missile coast" extends from Titusville in the north to Melbourne some forty miles to the south-southeast. Between them, strung along Highway 1, the route of mauve Miami-bound Cadillacs, lie Cocoa and Eau Gallie (locally "Oh Golly"). The Indian River separates the mainland from Merritt Island, which in turn is separated from the long Canaveral Peninsula by the Banana River. It is from the triangular center of this Peninsula that missiles are launched. The two rivers are really salt-water lagoons, varying in width from one to seven miles. Causeways and bridges connect the mainland with Merritt Island and the Peninsula at all four of the mainland towns mentioned above. None of the four is listed as having more than five thousand inhabitants, but Cocoa surely runs to about ten thousand. The figures are all obsolete, and getting more obsolete with every dollar Congress appropriates for missiles.

IN A STATE that boasts the nation's oldest city—St. Augustine, founded in 1565—the history of the Cape Canaveral region is surprisingly recent.

The Indian River district got its first few permanent settlers in the early 1840's, right after the Second Seminole War. Most took land on Merritt Island, where the warm surrounding waters saved their crops from blight even when the mainland was from five to eight degrees below freezing. The settlers grew citrus fruits, bananas, pineapples, cane, pawpaws, mangoes, scuppernongs, peaches, strawberries, guavas, pears, and dates; they fished for mullet, pompano, sheepshead, sea trout (biggest in the world), oysters, and shrimp. In 1849 they were driven to refuge in St. Augustine and Jacksonville by another Seminole uprising, but they drifted back to their pioneer paradise as things grew safer.

In 1888, the Titusville *Star* noted the slaying of the last panther on Merritt Island four years earlier. Mr. Jas. Sanders, then only seventeen, shot the cat in the forepaw and then, when it charged, clubbed it to death with "a lightwood knot which providentially lay handy." The *Star* said the beast was eight feet eleven

inches long and weighed 150 pounds. It must have been nearly all tail.

Nine years after the last panther, along came the first train—of Henry M. Flagler's Florida East Coast Railway. The tourist boom was on, and Cocoa became highly fashionable until the late 1920's, when resorts farther south and on the open ocean took the trade away. Two relics of the great gay decades remain under the moss-hung trees on the riverbank: the Brevard and Indian River Hotels. The Brevard, which is only forty-two years old, has been well kept up and still does quite a tourist business. Most of the guests look as though they might have honeymooned there when the hotel was new. The Indian River, which is older, is just beginning to get a trickle of the Canaveral base trade. The desk clerk told me two Presidents had stayed there, but he didn't know which. "Wilson for one, mebbe," he said.

Not until 1923 was a bridge-and-causeway road pushed across from Cocoa to the Canaveral Peninsula. The bridges were renewed in 1936, and again in 1942, when engineers surveyed and constructed the present route (520) to supply a wartime naval base.

After the war, the naval base closed down, and Cocoa went back to its slow but profitable citrus packing and processing, and its trickle of ancient tourists and sports fishermen. It woke up again quickly in 1950, when the naval base was refurbished into Patrick Air Force Base and the dozen or so families and an old hotel occupying the Cape Canaveral triangle (with two five-mile sides in the sea and a nine-mile base along the Banana River) were bought out by the Defense Department for its Guided Missile Testing Base.

Convair Cove, Satellite Beach

Local radio stations call Brevard County, which contains the missile coast, "the fastest-growing county in the United States." They are probably right. On weekdays around five o'clock, cars coming in from the bases are backed up from the intersection of Highway 1 and Route 520 in Cocoa for three miles onto Merritt Island, into the middle of what radio advertisers here call the "Miracle Mile." This one is as ugly as any other Miracle Mile: supermarkets, small shops, service stations, an indoor movie, and, next door, a drive-in movie that doubles on Sundays as a drive-in church offering its congregation "do-nuts and coffee."

Out on the Peninsula, at the intersection of the north-south road (401) with 520, a sign points north to Port Canaveral four miles away and warns plainly that admission to the Guided Missile Testing Base is by pass only. To the south the sign gives the distances as Cocoa Beach two miles, Patrick base six, and Melbourne twenty. I decided to have a look at Patrick first and turned right.

The sand reefs of Florida support a profusion of growth—chiefly palmetto and palm, but also long-

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needled pines and a few deciduous trees as well as coarse grass. Along the Canaveral Peninsula south of the test area, this vegetation is dotted with signs offering real estate for sale and telling the public where various subdivisions rivaling paradise itself are going to be. On some of these sites, bulldozers (locally "doziers") are already at work, but the only structure of consequence right now is the Starlite Motel on the east side of the road about half a mile north of the Cocoa Beach city limits.

In the northwest corner of town lies Convair Cove, a development of perhaps fifty rather handsome pastel-colored houses that Convair is trying to sell. "Convair is in the missile business, not the real-estate business," the radio ads begin.

Patrick looks about like any other big airbase, with its probably obsolete silver jet bombers and black night fighters lined up in neat rows along one end. An intercontinental Snark and a lesser winged missile lie stranded like great flying fish in front of the yellow three-story Technical Laboratory. Immediately south of the huge installation, the government itself has gone into the real-estate business to the extent of nearly a thousand rather modest houses that will sell for something like $10,000 apiece. Next door to it is a private development called Satellite Beach. Here I turned around and went north again.

NORTH OF the intersection with 520, Route 401 runs about equidistant between the ocean and the Banana River. On the right, toward the ocean, are several subdivisions of bright-colored houses whose occupants, to watch missiles, have only to peer through their rattling northeast windows. The left side, toward the river, looks pretty marshy and contains little but a few trailer courts at wide intervals: the Cocoa Palms Mobile Court—Select Sites for Select People; and the Celestial Trailer Court—Supremely Excellent.

At Port Canaveral the road forks south of a large factory building that gives off quantities of white smoke and, from a distance, creates an illusion of feverish activity on the base itself. This is nothing more mysterious than an orange-squeezing establishment. The fruit comes to it in big open truck trailers, and the juice goes into stainless-steel containers on ships berthed right alongside the plant. The vessels carry the juice to New York, where it is put into cardboard containers and sold. The right fork ends in less than a

quarter of a mile at the barricaded entrance to the Canaveral Terminal Unit of the Army Engineers. It bears warnings against cameras, firearms, and binoculars. From here nothing can be seen but the tip of the pole on which the red warning ball is raised and lowered. It is a peculiarity of the Canaveral base that when you get very close you can see nothing at all.

Atlas Tunes Up

At sundown on New Year's Day the weather suddenly "turned surly," as the natives say. It started to blow out of the northeast and the temperature dropped to the low forties. The palms swayed and hissed and the sea raged whitely along the shallow shore and invaded the beach to its limits. Automobiles several hundred yards from the ocean quickly took on a mixture of salt spray and fine sand, like sugar-coated almonds, and torn-off palm fronds scuttled across the roads. It was the worst winter storm to hit the Florida east coast in fifty years, and it took nearly a week to blow itself out.

In spite of the storm, the base began to wake up January 2 as the servants of the guided missile flew back from their holiday. On Saturday, January 4, an Atlas engine was heard thundering away for fifteen seconds in a ground test. Next day the AP man wrote that he saw activity practically everywhere on the base: Vanguard, Jupiter, Thor, and Atlas areas were mentioned. He was going to be right no matter what happened.

Meanwhile, I began to get the feel of life on the Peninsula. Employees of the various missile contractors tend to associate with members of the same firm to the practical exclusion of outsiders. Usually they are homesick for the same localities and have similar backgrounds and interests. There is less danger of giving away trade secrets that way and, too, they are segregated by sheer geography off the base as well as on. The larger firms make block reservations in the various motels. For example, Convair has the Starlite pretty well taken up; Douglas rents a seven-bedroom house as well as having motel arrangements; Martin fancies the Sea Missile; and G.E. has arrangements with the newest of all, the three-story Vanguard, which sits on the crest of the beach right where 520 hits the ocean three hundred yards east of its intersection with 401. It opened last November just in time for its namesake's celebrated debacle on December 6. A G.E. man told me that not long after the opening his firm had tried its best to get a reservation for a Negro employee, a valuable man. "Not even G.E. could swing it," he said indignantly.

In the brief intervals of decent weather I looked for a good place from which to watch the base and discovered that almost anywhere on the beach from the Vanguard Motel north is suitable with a decent pair of binoculars. At the Vanguard, 520 runs right down onto the white sand, which is solid enough, in the strip where it is wet enough, but not too wet, to bear automobiles. About a mile to the north, however, it cooperates with the security people by becoming treacherous. I know: I got stuck there one afternoon.

I DECIDED that the beach at the Vanguard suited me, the more so since it is within sight of one of the photographic observation domes that dot the shoreline of the peninsula. The domes give a sure tipoff that a launching is imminent; they open ten or fifteen minutes before firing time.

From the Vanguard, the shore sweeps in a concave arc to the northeast as Cape Canaveral itself extends in a "V" out into the sea. Far out on the point stands a black-and-white lighthouse. Inshore from it are missile towers, or gantries, of various shapes and sizes. The perspective through a pair of eight-power glasses is extraordinarily difficult; one must keep in mind the fact that there are towers on the north leg of the "V" as well as the south one. Pairs of

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red-and-white-banded gantries that look very close together may be miles apart on different legs of the "V"; a crane that seems to be working right between them may be a mile or so from either.

To gain perspective on this layout, I took a drive back across the Banana River onto Merritt Island and discovered a deserted sandspit not far from a locality appropriately named Audubon. From there I could see very plainly the great red-and-white checkered water towers at the northern and southern tips of the base and, in between, over the line of trees, the tops of the missile gantries. I discovered the place near sundown one evening, when all around me swallows, cardinals, cranes, robins, finches, and a host of other birds were making their last flights. At twenty to six the lighthouse began to wink, and five minutes later the red lights on the tips of the towers flashed on. The plant at Port Canaveral stopped giving out white smoke, and alongside it the *Tropicana,* a freighter in for a load of orange juice, switched on her deck and masthead lights. The idea of missiles with atomic warheads seemed very remote.

One Sunday I came to the same sandspit before dawn to watch the base wake up. The blacks changed to grays, then to blues, yellows, and greens, and the lights on Canaveral went out in reverse sequence, with the lighthouse last of all. Gulls and terns appeared out of nowhere, and flights of pelicans—sometimes as many as six in echelon astern like fighter planes—flew over the Banana River. They broke formation for their fishing, a swift glide and an awkward plunging splash that always looked accidental to me. Through the binoculars, the shallows were dotted thickly with the black tails of feeding ducks.

At eight o'clock or so I turned on the radio, forgetting that the Florida stations of a Sunday morning have a prolonged, virulent attack of Old Time Religion. Twisting the dial idly as I watched Cape Canaveral, I slowly grew aware that nearly every clergyman I heard was talking about missiles and satellites. One Methodist was equating the Russians' aspirations toward space with Lucifer's desire to get into heaven and throw out God. He predicted for the Russians as sticky an end as Lucifer's and managed somehow to get across the idea that our own spatial ambitions were O.K.

'The Wrawng Towah'

On the night of Tuesday, January 7, powerful searchlights gave the base the look of a Hollywood première, and the word circulated that preparations were being made to fire Atlas, the Air Force's intercontinental missile with a theoretical maximum range of 5,500 miles. I got out early the next morning and watched and watched. The red ball was up, but the nearby observation dome stayed obstinately shut. The

weather looked pretty dubious, with a west wind that blew the fine white sand along the roadways like powder snow. At one o'clock, a kitchen attendant at the White Caps, a hamburger and beach-equipment-rental establishment across the street from the Vanguard, threw out the first scraps of the day, and a crowd of gulls that had been standing around on the beach, managing to look, it struck me, like a group of disgruntled bookmakers lounging about a Times Square corner with their hands in their pockets, swooped down on them. The wind was so strong by now that some of the gulls, while beating their wings, actually flew backward—a trick I have seen ravens in the Aleutian Islands perform, but never Atlantic gulls.

At about two, a salesman from Titusville joined me; his car had no heater and mine did. He was, by his account, a veteran missile watcher, and he urged me to keep the glasses on the gantry (he pronounced it "jantry") to the extreme left, which, he assured me, was the Atlas tower. The tower did seem to have a missile in it, and a crane appeared to be working nearby, but as I have explained, you can't really tell. We watched the red ball and listened to a radio station in Cocoa. The ball went up and down several times during the afternoon. When it went up, the radio station would announce it had just been lowered, and vice versa. We were vastly amused.

Toward four, the temperature dropped, the wind heightened, my friend left in his heaterless car, and the red ball went down for the last time. It was evident that nothing could be launched in such weather, and I went over to the coffee shop of the Vanguard for a hamburger. A pretty waitress asked me which tower I had been watching, and I told her the one on the left. She burst into girlish laughter. "Whah, hayull," she gasped after she had recovered a bit. "You been watchin' the wrawng towah awl aft-neun!" According to her theory, the Atlas tower was the one on the extreme right.

That evening I went to the dimly lighted cocktail lounge of the Starlite. For some reason, perhaps the ultraviolet light that illuminates some hideous murals, a gin-and-tonic on the Starlite bar is phosphorescent; it looks like the stuff that Boris Karloff used to toss off in his laboratory before turning into a fiend or a robot.

On nights after "holds" have stopped countdowns—such as this one and the later nights of January 24, 25, 26, and 27, when a struggle with the satellite-carrying Vanguard ended in failures that were at least unspectacular—the whole Peninsula seems to throb with frustration. "I hope the Russians got fools like we got," said a purchasing agent for a corporation I shall not name. "This fool of ours ordered a machine that uses an abrasive paper that I knew damn well nobody makes any more, and I spent all day on the phone with the Minnesota Mining people. When they found out who I was and where I was they agreed to make up a batch special. But it'll mean delay."

The talk turned to Brevard County and the boom, and how long the boom would last. "You can have this place," said a native of San Diego. "The motels are good and the food is fair, but where do you get an

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enchilada? And just try to get a shirt cleaned. What they ought to do is set up a range off California and let Brevard County go back to sleep." A newcomer declared firmly that it would never happen. "To begin with," he said, "there's that island chain stretching southeast—Antigua, Fernando de Noronha off Brazil, and Ascension, five thousand miles away in the South Atlantic, just in the right place. Another thing, when you're launching a satellite and firing southeast, you're going counter to the rotation of the earth, and the speed of the earth helps you. Firing toward the west, you'd be going with the rotation of the earth and you'd have to have a lot more speed to get a satellite into orbit." This sounded so sensible that I wondered all evening who the well-informed stranger was. It turned out he was a night-club entertainer.

THE WORD that night was "no firing tomorrow." It was just as well, for frostbite casualties on the launching pad would have run high. Florida's second deep freeze of the winter occurred January 8 and 9. Inland, temperatures dropped to the mid-twenties and stayed there nearly twelve hours, and there were unprecedented snow flurries at various points. A Miami newspaper that had sent a lady reporter to the Quebec ski country to report on what snow looked like and cold felt like found a frozen turkey on its hands. The subject was too painful. It can seem a lot colder in Florida than in Quebec.

I stayed in bed late trying to keep warm and turned on the television set to see if it would give off any heat. It gave off Arlene Francis, bundled in what appeared to be a heavy white coat, over in Silver Springs, one of the coldest spots in the state that morning. Miss Francis and her troupe were visiting Ross Allen's Reptile Institute and Seminole Indian Village. The show was a shambles. There were singers draped in boa constrictors too torpid from cold to resent the familiarity or, in fact, to move at all. A large alligator, suffering from the same disability, lay stiff as a log while a man "wrestled" with him. Finally, Miss Francis focused her personality on several Seminoles without noticeable results.

'Congrats to Atlas'

Next morning at 10:48, Atlas got away to parts unknown, probably somewhere in the Caribbean. For an incredible while it sat on its tail in a cloud of steam and thought about whether to go and where. Finally it made up its mechanical mind, rose deliberately toward the solid light-gray cloud at twenty thousand feet, tilted toward the southeast, and was off like a comet in reverse.

An hour later, the Air Force announced that the shoot had been successful, but over a range limited to about six hundred miles. At noon, playing a hunch, I went over to the cocktail lounge of the Starlite. Sure enough, in breezed the Convair launching outfit, about a dozen of them. In age, physique, dress, and talk, they were for all the world like a professional football team. There could be no doubt about who had won the game just ended. I gathered that most of them had worked since before four that morning, and that something had gone wrong but had been rectified at the last minute by somebody who reached around inside the missile and did something mysterious just in time. It was also Friday, and a payday. They bought each other numerous drinks and argued over who had won the pool, probably on the time of firing. A pretty girl came up to one of them and said "Congrats."

UNFORTUNATELY, I had to leave the area before January 31, when the Army scored its great success in launching the first American satellite with Jupiter-C. As I drove in for a final snack at a diner on Highway 1 on the northern limits of Cocoa, I paused for a moment to look at the big chocolate-colored billboard heralding the city confidently as the GATEWAY TO THE LAUNCHING SITE OF THE SATELLITE. That night, as on every other night, the sign was lighted up, and in its lower left-hand corner a little red-neon satellite above a blue-and-gold earth glowed bravely through the darkness and the rain.

THEATER:
Class Distinctions

MARYA MANNES

WHEN Eleanor Roosevelt said that although she liked *Sunrise at Campobello* it had no sense of reality for her, and although she admired Mary Fickett's portrayal of her it seemed no more like her than the man in the moon, she was not accusing Dore Schary of distortion of fact or historic infidelity. She was, on the contrary, giving the play a very special tribute. For Schary achieved a very difficult thing: he arrived at truth without realism. The terms in which he presented this truth were those of recognizable people in recognizable situations. A man we know to be Franklin Roosevelt contracted polio at his summer home in Nova Scotia, endured its agony, and triumphantly surmounted it. Sustaining him in his ordeal were a wife we know to be Eleanor and a friend we know to be Louis Howe. Surrounding him was his family, and opposing his ambitions for reasons of love was his mother, Sara. Yet *Campobello* is in no sense a clinical study of the Roosevelt family or an attempt to reinterpret their characters and relationships.

Certainly, the tilt of Ralph Bellamy's chin and the inflections of his voice at many moments came uncannily close to the image of F.D.R. Certainly, the scenes between him and the elfin Louis Howe (brilliantly played by Henry Jones), and later with Alan Bunce's Al Smith, seemed probable and right to the point of actuality. Yet even in the many moving scenes, the play never gives the feeling of a violation of privacy. And

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this, I think, is what the applauding critics meant when in describing the play they unanimously used the word "taste."

I would extend this word to describe the kind of people, too long absent from our stage, Schary gives us in *Campobello.* For this particular family, called Roosevelt, were the products of good breeding: a tradition of behavior which demands certain qualities of a man or woman. Among these are the control of emotion and of its partner, reticence; a sense of responsibility toward others; gallantry under stress; a distaste for material ostentation; and an appreciation of money only as a means toward the greater appreciation of such real pleasures of life as good conversation, the exercise of wit, a well-stocked mind, and a strong sense of historic continuity. These people had the grace—I use the word as a high form of courage—to endure supreme duress quietly, never permitting themselves the indulgence of the undisciplined, self-pity. It was a profound pleasure to be reminded of them.

Together but Apart

Although I doubt whether playwright William Gibson would put it so, class distinctions are the hard core of his most adroit and refreshing dramatic duet called *Two for the Seesaw,* a play sustained entirely by the relationship of a Nebraska lawyer called Jerry with a Bronx girl called Gittel. They are all we see; alone in their separate rooms and solitudes (although side by side on the stage) or together in one of the rooms, with the towers of New York above their heads, pressing them close.

Jerry, superbly played by Henry Fonda, is a man of intelligence, breeding, wit, and a certain elegance. His presence in the most dismal of New York rooms is a flight from the stalemate of his marriage, and it is established in the first minutes of the play through the offices of the indispensable telephone (the third party) that his meeting with Gittel was a wholly chance encounter at one of those jumbled Greenwich Village parties held in murky basements.

We then meet Gittel, alone in *her* room: an exuberant, stocky, funny, and strangely appealing young woman in arty clothes and flat heels with

a Bronx accent to end all Bronx accents. We find out that she is an unemployed dancer with ulcers, and that she has a heart as wide as Third Avenue.

This disparate pair merge their separate lonelinesses in an affair full of tenderness, humor, and plain honest earthiness. So fresh and accurate is Mr. Gibson's dialogue, so right his mercurial changes of pace, and so triumphantly true and alive is Anne Bancroft's Gittel that you almost believe in the affair's reality. You believe that in the end Jerry's return to his wife was inevitable; you believe that Gittel's love for him has increased her stature from a girl who gave herself freely because she valued herself little to a woman humbly aware of her worth.

Yet I would echo a question overheard at the theater: "Do you really think a man like that would have fallen for a girl like that?," and my answer would be "No." Slept with her, yes. Taken her tenderly as mistress, no. Even in our supposedly classless society, the two are worlds apart. And quite aside from Jerry's ineradicable attachment to his wife, I believe his emotions for Gittel would have been constantly thrown off balance by all the small jarring things, from inflection of voice to choice of words to visual taste, that distinguish one background from another. There is a rueful sadness in all this, for Gittel is a wonderful human being. The fascination of talent might have helped bridge this gap, but Gittel is a bad dancer. Jerry was kind enough—and gentleman enough—to pretend that none of this mattered.

Sugar Cane and Kewpie Dolls

The Australian play *Summer of the 17th Doll* posed no such problems in difference. The sugar-cane workers and their barmaid companions were all of a piece, the bedrock of the Australian worker society as yet unpenetrated by what we call western, or European, culture and by Freudian introspection. This is a raw society, in which emotion is not contained and the mind seldom exercised, but one that has its codes and rituals, its own loves and loyalties. Ray Lawler's play concerned these loyalties, chief of which was between the two cane workers and the women with whom they spent their five-month layoff season every year in the suburbs of Melbourne. Each summer they came two thousand miles from the cane fields of Queensland to hole up in Olive Leech's ugly, shabby home, drink beer, make love, and kill time with horseplay. For sixteen summers the ritual had worked and the attachments had held. But it was apparent early in the first act that the seventeenth summer (each year the men brought a Kewpie-doll fan to their girls) was doomed to fail; through age, satiety,

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boredom, and above all through the delayed realization that only illusion had held the four together so long.

Ray Lawler has written an honest, engrossing play about real people, and much of its interest was heightened by the unfamiliarity of its background. In trying to discover why *Doll* failed here while it succeeded in London, the obvious explanation—and one used by many reviewers—was that this very unfamiliarity of milieu and accent proved obstacles to American understanding. But I do not think this is the real answer. I think it may have failed because Lawler, honest dramatist though he is, was still not artist enough to make this specific experience a universal one. For certainly art is needed to bring power and meaning to the crudeness of a society in which a Kewpie doll is a symbol of happiness as well as a thing of beauty.

IT WAS tough luck on *Winesburg, Ohio,* that it had to follow a series of plays devoted to American families in the early 1920's with desperately yearning sons, but I doubt whether Christopher Sergel's adaptation of Sherwood Anderson's book would have succeeded even without this handicap. Yet even if it had not been diffuse and contrived and spasmodic, I think it pointed up some flaws in even its vastly superior predecessors. On thinking back to *Long Day's Journey* and *Look Homeward, Angel,* among others, I find that I have had more than enough of bawling and shouting on the stage, more than enough of self-pity, and certainly a superfluity of adolescent Americans haunted by train whistles, harassed by parents, and driven by inchoate urges towards freedom and the literary life.

Until *Campobello* and *Seesaw* came along, breeding had been out of fashion for quite a while, supplanted by the untrammeled show of emotion. Even plays not directly concerned with psychotics or drunks deal with people who cannot control their passions or lower their voices and who live among ugly things in ugly situations.

It would be nice if others besides Dore Schary would tackle the highly contemporary drama of civilized people confronting uncivilized pressures.

The Musical Numbers Game

ROGER MAREN

THE YOUNG German composer Karlheinz Stockhausen's *Piano Piece No. XI* consists of a number of short musical fragments all written on one large sheet of paper. After each fragment, instructions are written indicating tempo, phrasing, dynamics, and "touch" characteristics. The piece begins when a performer plays—in any style, speed, or loudness that pleases him—the first fragment that catches his eye. It continues with whatever fragment his eye happens on next. But in playing the second fragment he is to follow the instructions given at the end of the first one. When he is finished with this, he plays the next section his eye chances on but observes the performing instructions written after the previously played bit. And so on. The piece ends whenever the player discovers that he has repeated any particular fragment three times.

This mode of musical production is quite different from that employed in most of Stockhausen's other work. His *Electronic Composition No. 2,* for example, was written according to a most rigid arithmetical plan. The nature and sequence of every pitch, tone color, duration, and loudness were made to conform to a prearranged formal scheme expressed in terms of numbers. How the numbers were arrived at is described by the composer in a long paper full of tables, plus and minus signs, fractions, and paragraphs like the following: "It is clear that the intensity series 342165 has been chosen with reference to the group series 453621 so as not to get too low gain values (below 40db) and possible sound deformations." Everything is made to seem scientific, methodical, and rigidly controlled. The music itself was produced by electronic sound generators and exists only in the form of a recording. It is, therefore, never subject to "interpretation," inaccurate performance, or any of the other common hazards.

The reasons for Stockhausen's striking change of attitude are a little obscure. Perhaps he was reacting to criticism aimed at his completely determined, "totally organized" compositions. They were called "dehumanized" and were supposed to have ruled out the "imponderables" that, according to the critics, give music its vitality. Perhaps, in *Piano Piece No. XI,* he wanted to show what "humanized" music was like, and decided to include human foible, imponderables, and chance as important elements. But whatever his reasons, Stockhausen was clearly influenced by the work of an American master of music by chance, John Cage.

Mr. Cage Tosses a Coin

Consider Cage's *Music for Piano.* Cage marked the imperfections that happened to be on a blank sheet of paper. Then he determined which and how many of them to use by a complicated coin-tossing procedure used by the ancient Chinese in connection with a book of divination called the *I Ching.* Next he drew staves on a sheet of tracing paper and determined—again by the *I Ching* method—which should have treble or bass clefs. Then, after placing the transparent sheet over the first paper, he transcribed the marks that chance had singled out for use. Those which appeared on the staves represented the pitches of the piece. Which of these were to be normal, sharp, or flat was determined by the chance operation. Chance was also used to determine which of these notes were to be plucked (instead of played on the keyboard) or muted (by placing a finger on the piano string). Marks falling outside the staves, it was decided, should represent noises made on the body of the instrument. The performer of this piece is free to decide how long or how loud any note should be and what noises to make. The total time

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to be consumed by any section (one page) is also left to the performer. There is also free choice as to whether the sections are to be played in sequence or simultaneously—the number of sections that can be played together being limited only by the number of pages, performers, and pianos available.

Two Philosophies of Calculation

Cage's methods and Stockhausen's "total organization" may seem poles apart, but there is one very obvious connection: both men produce a series of numbers—Cage does it by chance, Stockhausen according to preconceived notions—and they use the numbers as blueprints or programs for music. (This is possible because all the dimensions of musical sound are measurable and can thus be expressed in arithmetical terms.) Before hearing a performance, neither could possibly have a clear idea of what his piece will sound like. In other words, they operate experimentally. They are interested in seeing what comes out of all this calculation.

There is a difference between their approaches, aims, and products, however—a difference that arises from differing moral and philosophical attitudes. Cage believes that it is a good thing for a man to hear sounds as things in themselves, just as they are, "free of convention and value," as he puts it. He does not feel that they should be used for intellectual or emotional purposes as they are in traditional music. The listener should merely be aware of their characteristics as he is aware of the taste of wine in his mouth. If this is to be a desideratum, any perceptible formal structure should be abandoned because it reduces the listener's ability to hear sounds as things in themselves. When a formal structure is apparent, it tends to draw attention away from the medium itself.

Cage tries to avoid formal structure by having the sounds and their sequence determined by chance. Writing music from the top of his head—so-called automatic writing—would not be adequate because the subconscious might impose a formal structure. Furthermore, the music would be a reflection of his personality. This Cage considers wrong. No musical thought or intention should control the notation. In regard to his recent work, therefore, he would consider it quite incorrect for one to say that it is possible to hear "a piece by Cage." The score is not supposed to reflect any of his musical ideas. And, in any case, the score does not really determine what is played, for there are too many indeterminate areas in it, and much is left to the performer.

Finally, what we actually hear is not entirely determined by what is played. There are always other sound-producing agents—coughs, shuffling feet, clanking radiators, etc. "The piece" consists of whatever is heard. In this sense, it is not in conflict with the environment. A barking dog appearing by chance in the concert hall will not adversely affect "the piece"; he will be part of it.

The merit of such a situation, says Cage, is that it dissolves the difference between art and life and permits optimum awareness.

THE MUSIC that results is much as you would expect. There is a great deal of silence. It is difficult to find any pattern in the pitch sequences. There is almost no tension. The absence of meter or anything resembling bodily or motor pulsation makes it impossible to characterize the general movement as either slow or fast. Most of the time single—often fairly complex—sounds seem merely to come into being and die against a ground of silence. Some are in rapid succession, others follow each other more slowly, but the general impression is extremely monotonous. There is rarely a sense of progression. The pieces might well begin and stop at any point. Cage is really like an interior decorator. He arranges colorful sonic surroundings. For those who don't consider silence golden, these sounds might make a pleasing background for lounging, drinking, or other household activities. Some are quite fascinating and could serve as "conversation pieces" or as objects for meditation.

The 'Natural' Method

Stockhausen's ideas, techniques, and music are somewhat more conventional. He believes that all aspects of a piece should be rationally integrated. What this means in terms of music is not quite clear. In terms of numbers it is fairly simple. One could, for example, make every aspect of the piece—its pitches, durations, volumes, etc.—conform to a single series of numerical proportions. Stockhausen does not, in fact, work along quite such simple lines. He believes that a piece should be made to conform with the "nature of materials." In *Electronic Composition No. 2,* for example, pitch and duration are related by inverse proportion. If the frequency of a pitch is doubled, it lasts half as long. This is just what would happen automatically if you doubled the frequency of a recorded sound by making the machine go twice as fast. This is considered natural and, therefore, desirable. The relationships between pitch and loudness are also determined so as to conform with certain "natural functions." The intention in all cases is to reduce everything in the piece to a "state of nature"—a state in which everything is considered to be completely integrated and in constant equilibrium. Some of the supposed integrations seem quite arbitrary, however, and appear to have more connection with numerology than with any known principles of musical coherence.

The product of such a technique is music not unlike Cage's. There are differences, of course. There is much less silence. The pitch sequence makes easily discernible patterns. And some of Stockhausen's work has a theatrical and evocative quality—particularly his *Gesang der Jünglinge,* which combines electronically generated sound and a boy's voice frequently distorted by electronic and mechanical means. Twitters, roars, prayerlike wails, and shrieks sung to German words or fragments of words combine with a calm, chantlike background to produce a certain surrealist hysteria. But in general,

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Stockhausen's work has the same kind of monotony we find in Cage. There is the same lack of tension, lack of a sense of speed, and lack of progression, the same feeling that the pieces are merely sound with no beginning, middle, or end.

THE MOST IMPORTANT connection between Stockhausen and Cage is not found in the end product, however. What links them most significantly is that both are more concerned with metaphysical than with musical or expressive matters. Neither feels that his technical procedure is justified because it produces good music. This is considered irrelevant. Their position seems to be that the music is justified because it comes about through a "true" or "natural" way of working.

In Cage's case, the music is supposed to have validity because it embodies a denial of the will and is in accord with nature because it is accidentally produced. With Stockhausen the accord with nature has more to do with the kind of equilibrium, order, or integration that is said to exist in his serial organization. But both men have an almost exclusive concern with the correctness, desirability, or "truth" of the technical process. They devise techniques that they feel are in accord with their particular philosophic or metaphysical notions, and the music follows automatically.

This amounts to a total rejection of what we have traditionally regarded as the artist's way of working and communicating, for the artist ordinarily begins with some musical idea that occurs or is given to him, and then uses all the technique he can muster to make a piece that develops properly or "comes out right." Judgment as to "rightness" is quite intuitive and personal, and—this must be emphasized—is based only on the musical result. In psychological terms this means that the artist is solving an inner conflict. Normally unaware of the conflict, he can face it and work it through to a satisfactory conclusion by projecting it into his artistic medium. An audience can then share the experience and, if the artist is profound, gain important insights. In other words, communication is established.

In their calculated rejection of the artist's traditional ways of working, Cage and Stockhausen certainly go to extremes; but although neither of them has many immediate followers, their basic attitude is shared by thousands of composers throughout the world. In fact, this rejection may well be one of the most characteristic elements of contemporary musical life. The main reason for this is undoubtedly that many composers, like almost everyone else nowadays, seem unwilling to take risks or bear anxiety of any kind. They must cling to some sort of security, no matter how flimsy.

The serious artist must take tremendous risks. He works with a medium into which he cannot help but project his personality. Emotional involvement is almost total and the problems to be faced are never known in advance. They develop as the work continues. Yet the artist dares believe that he can solve them. And if things don't seem to be going quite right, anxiety can be intense. It is much safer to cling to a system that will determine all aspects of the piece before the music is even imagined. If you are interested in music and want to write a piece, either borrow or invent such a system and follow the rules. There need be no emotional involvement because only the choice of system, not the piece, will reflect the personality. While working you will not be dealing with a constantly developing projection of your "inner life." And you will risk little at a performance. If the music is maligned, you can always prove it is good because it follows a good system. Or you might admit to a theoretical error. Or, like Cage, you might claim to have had nothing to do with it.

THE WHOLE BUSINESS sounds like a hoax, but I am certain that Cage, Stockhausen, and their colleagues are not fooling anybody but themselves. They are serious and sincere about what they are doing—even fanatical. They are not charlatans. They do not claim to be artists in the traditional sense, but they do feel that their music contributes something valuable. This I doubt. Their important contribution, it seems to me, is that their ideas and ways of working set us to thinking.

MOVIES: Where Are The Clowns of Yesteryear?

GERALD WEALES

THERE ARE some very funny sequences in *The Golden Age of Comedy*, the recently released collection of silent-film comedies that Robert Youngson has strung along his own flabby narration. Laurel and Hardy are demonically present in some of their earliest and purest work; Will Rogers is on hand to parody Douglas Fairbanks, Tom Mix, and Ford Sterling; there are glimpses of Harry Langdon and Ben Turpin. Still, the film hardly deserves its name. There is too much Hal Roach, not enough Mack Sennett. Billy B. Van and Charlie Murray are acceptable, but they hardly constitute comedy's golden age; where are Chaplin, Keaton, Harold Lloyd, Marie Dressler, W. C. Fields?

To say that the film is more pretentious than its quality gives it any right to be is not to say that it is not very welcome. Anyone who has not already had a look at the best portions of it on NBC-TV's *Tonight* show should take the trouble to see it, if only for the maniacal custard-pie riot that Laurel and Hardy initiate and for *Two Tars*, in which the same comedians become involved in a traffic jam that ends in total mechanical dissolution.

For all the laughs in it, *The Golden Age of Comedy* is in one respect disquieting. It is designed, strangely, on the assumption that the audience comes to see it out of nostalgia, not in search of laughter. The narrative is softly sentimental, oc-

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casionally dulling the sharp edges of the comedy, as in its insistence that Will Rogers and Douglas Fairbanks were really good friends and that Rogers's parody was a warmhearted joke enjoyed equally by the joker and the butt. This is probably true, but it is remarkably irrelevant to the intentions of parody. The narrative is very much a product of the 1950's, and its careful-tongued juxtaposition with the comedy of the 1920's is a reminder—one is hardly needed—that we no longer have movie comedy in this country. There are occasional funny films and occasional film appearances by genuine comedians, but since the Second World War the American movie industry has produced no identifiable comic form.

Chaos and Pathos

The movies did develop several different kinds of comedy between the early days at the Vitagraph studios in Brooklyn and the beginning of that war; the kinds of comedy changed with the technical development of the movies, but each development fed on the one that preceded it and each retained some of the earlier attitudes toward the laughability of human pretensions. In the early days the slapstick was violent, occasionally cruel, often indiscriminate. The pratfalls, the fly-

ing pies, the careening cars all represented a bursting of the restrictions of order, of decorum, of primness. The keystone was chaos, and the Keystone Cops were the most chaotic. All laws, especially the laws of logic, were violated in the cause of inspirational and momentary madness.

With the appearance of Chaplin, a kind of order—not, of course, the order of conventional living—descended on the comedies. In the early Chaplin films the bricks flew just as much as they did in the other Sennett comedies, but the targets soon became more specific. Chaplin's tramp had to fight the unreasoning authority of the policeman, the self-importance and pomposity of the complacent (especially the complacently rich), and the swaggering self-love of the bully. In his fight, the tramp developed into a symbol of that quality in the human being which is continually defeated and continually triumphant even in defeat; the tramp became the funniest and saddest character that the movies ever produced. Although each comedian attempted to develop a comic personality of his own, the bulk of silent-film comedy depended on either the wildness and violence of Sennett or the subtlety and pathos of Chaplin. Whatever the proportions of the mixture (Harry Langdon: two parts Chaplin, one part Sennett), the laughs had necessarily to be visual, the effects physical, mimetic.

With the advent of sound, verbal comedy was added to the visual. In the Marx Brothers and W. C. Fields talkies, the old fondness for the illogical stayed alive. The scene in *A Night at the Opera* in which Groucho and Chico read the singer's contract reduced contractual law to a shambles as surely as a silent comedian could wreck a house. Fields and the Marx Brothers were, however, essentially part of the older comic tradition; the 1930's developed their own form, the fast-talking sophisticated romantic comedy, of which *Bringing Up Baby* and the sardonic *Nothing Sacred* are probably the best examples. Somewhere between the Marxes and the kind of comedy that Carole Lombard played so expertly were the social satires of Preston Sturges, the last really vital movie comedy, and they wasted away during the war years. The few comedies that have come since the war—those of Danny Kaye and Judy Holliday, for instance, and how thin the recent ones have been!—have no familial connections; they are free-floating in an atmosphere that seems not particularly congenial to them or to any comedy.

Sometimes, in the absence of new comedy, the age of the silents takes on a glow which is so pervasive that one forgets how many bad movies were made at the time, how many unfunny pratfalls there were, how many bad mechanical gags (the material of gadgetry, not of life), how impossibly cute the subtitles were. Still, the basic comic impulse was strong, and among the reels and reels of comedies that came out of Brook-

lyn and Hollywood there are still comic masterpieces and there are innumerable bits that make otherwise weak films palatable.

The same thing has happened to the comedies of the 1930's. In cold print the jokes the Marx Brothers used are often monstrous; on film they became part of a general comic howl of protest and joy. Most of the sophisticated comedies of the period were flimsy, but they were spotted with scenes so funny and performances so expert that, released to television, they have been keeping comedy-hungry Americans out of their beds on through the early morning hours. *It Happened One Night* is a good example: it is no longer as impressive as it was thought to be when it won its Oscar, but it is worth watching just for Roscoe Karns's lecherous traveling salesman ("Shapeley's my name and that's the way I like 'em").

The Sad Decline of Irreverence

Why should there be so few comedies around these days? The most obvious answer is that the movie makers are afraid of offending someone, anyone. They have come through the 1940's and 1950's with the kind of diffidence that has settled like a curse on the ad-agency-infected television industry. It has got so that the entertainment industry seldom kids anything except itself. The one quality that linked Ford Sterling at his Keystone desk with the hero of Sturges's *Hail the Conquering Hero* was irreverence. Once upon a time in this

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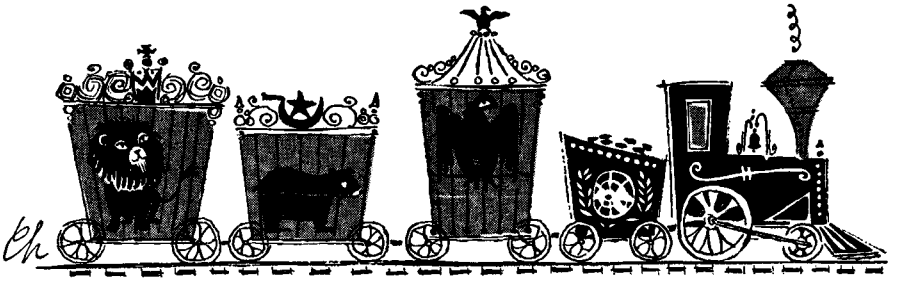
country, institutions and professions were not sacrosanct; neither were home, flag, and mother. Now the writers of protest letters have inherited the earth. And yet the American public devours old movies on television, turns the English comedies of Alec Guinness and Alastair Sim into adopted institutions, keeps Groucho Marx, a pale imitation of himself, on television, even though the quiz show which he ostensibly emcees is just a prop, and talks fondly of other days and other stars—Chaplin, W. C. Fields, Laurel and Hardy.

AT THE END of William Cahn's book *The Laugh Makers* (Putnam), a recent and not very successful attempt at a pictorial history of American comedy, there is a collection of quotations from practicing comics. The gist of their remarks is that comedy is in decline because television eats comedians and comic material so ravenously and because the old training grounds for comedians—vaudeville and burlesque—have disappeared, leaving no place for a young man to learn the business. Although both of these remarks are true, the basic failure of film comedy (and, by extension, of all comedy) today is the timidity that keeps the movies from exploding pomposity wherever it exists. There is a need for laughter and a market for laughter, if only the film makers can discover the form that comedy should take in the middle of the twentieth century.

Obviously, there should be no slavish return to the old days. *Baby Doll,* that horrifyingly funny and much-maligned movie, may be a signpost toward our new comedy; and the domesticated battiness of Dody Goodman is a quality that movie makers may learn to use.

Perhaps the seeds of the new comedy have not yet even sprouted. Perhaps they never will. *The Golden Age of Comedy,* that solemn memento of a funnier time, is a nagging reminder that if comedy ever flourishes again in the movies, it can do so only if it reclaims the irreverent and often angry vitality that marked the comedies, whatever their form, whatever their quality, before the decline into today's pursed-lipped carefulness.



Onward and Upward With UNESCO

EDMOND TAYLOR

UNESCO: PURPOSE, PROGRESS, PROSPECTS, by Walter H. C. Laves and Charles A. Thomson. *Indiana University Press. $7.50.*

Though my reasons are mainly personal, I am sorry that the authors have omitted from their timely and authoritative study of the first ten years of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization one of the minor but gaudy fiascoes in the organization's early history: the rise and fall of the Ideas Bureau. This oddly named institution, a brain child of the British writer J. B. Priestley, was conceived during the second general conference of UNESCO at Mexico City in November and December of 1947, and came into being some six months later.

Set up in UNESCO's Paris headquarters as a kind of super planning board for the Mass Communications

Department—the enriched UNESCO version of an information service—it reflected the organization's ceaseless but consistently unsuccessful quest for dramatic, jumbo-sized ideas capable of firing the enthusiasm of the planet's masses for UNESCO's internationalist, democratic, and humanitarian goals. I joined the Ideas Bureau shortly after its creation and found myself working with three other international thinkers: W. E. Williams, our chairman, a refreshingly unorthodox British adult educator; Roger Caillois, a brilliant, slightly skeptical young French sociologist and critic; and George Voskovic, a moody, imaginative Czech actor-producer, now a well-known Hollywood personality but at that time a recent émigré from Communist-occupied Prague.

FROM THE START we formed a congenial team. At first we felt a little sheepish, like new arrivals at a costume ball, as we sat around the big table in Williams's office, a Sol Steinberg décor of mildewed de luxe on the fourth floor of the once-glittering Hotel Majestic near the Arc de Triomphe, and conscientiously cerebrated. Very soon, however, we got caught up in our own impersonations; the harsh noises from the real world of international conflict and conspiracy outside the Majestic's old-fashioned French windows progressively faded to a gentle background murmur for our brainstorming. It was Caillois, I think, who, despite his Cartesian misgivings about the whole business, opened the way for our breakthrough.

"If only we could find something," he suggested, "that would concretize in the public mind the new concept

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of human interdependence, as the Paris exposition of 1889 concretized the nineteenth-century myth of progress!"

"Why not, precisely, a UNESCO-sponsored international exposition?" I chimed in.

"A One World World's Fair," said Voskovic.

"Lads," said Williams, "we've got it!"

ONLY TWO hurdles remained, one of which was to sketch in the details. Before we were through they included, along with more orthodox exhibits, such attractions as a Waxwork Museum of Culture Heroes of all Civilizations, a historical Chamber of Horrors called "Man Against Himself," and a tent for Arab storytellers, with simultaneous translation into many languages.

Our second hurdle was to convince UNESCO's director-general, its executive board, and the member governments that our One World World's Fair was worth the trifling half billion it would cost.

Our first administrative target, Dr. Laves—at that time deputy director-general of UNESCO—did not, I thought, look genuinely enthusiastic as Williams described our project to him, but quite sportingly he agreed to take us to the director-general, who in 1948 was Dr. Julian Huxley, the noted British biologist, former curator of the London Zoo, and one of the most cultivated, least conventional minds of our century. He was gratifyingly enthusiastic.

With the director-general's blessing, we then arranged a dinner conference for the executive board, a permanent international committee that keeps an eye on the secretariat for the member governments. We had ordered a number of striking visual aids to illustrate our project, and we also took particular pains with the wine list. It was a brilliant show. Voskovic, who wound up our presentation, pulled out all the stops. The executive board was visibly impressed; the Greek member, I recall, actually wept with emotion as he congratulated us.

Yet from then on the tide set against us. Less and less was heard in UNESCO circles about the One World World's Fair—except for a prominent though not particularly helpful mention in a *Saturday Evening Post* article entitled "Dr. Huxley's Wonderful Zoo." The end came at the Third General Conference in Beirut, November-December, 1948, when the French delegation did a scalp dance around the doomed Bureau des Idées, and Huxley himself was thrown to the wolves of bureaucratic orthodoxy in favor of the Mexican diplomat Dr. Jaime Torres Bodet. Bodet soon made himself equally unpopular with the bureaucrats by trying to use UNESCO as the spearhead of a world crusade against illiteracy.

Bureaucrats and Boredom

UNESCO, which will move this summer out of the Majestic to a business-like glass-and-concrete headquarters

building near the Eiffel Tower, has grown a great deal more professional since the distant days of the Ideas Bureau. Its secretariat has learned the limitations that contemporary political reality imposes on international co-operation in education, science, culture, and everything else. While the annual budget has steadily expanded—from $6,950,000 in 1947 to more than $16,400,000, including special technical-assistance funds, in 1956—the UNESCO program fixed by successive general conferences and the executive board has become, as Laves and Thomson note, steadily tighter and more down to earth. Though its record in the technical-assistance field is a bit spotty compared with the other U.N. specialized agencies, UNESCO is undoubtedly doing a job of real importance in promoting, as the authors put it, "the assimilation of new states and former colonial areas into the fabric of international relations." Its "clearinghouse" functions in facilitating international exchange of persons and in certain aspects of science and education; its modest but real successes in reducing nonpolitical barriers to the free circulation of informational or cultural publications throughout much of the world; even some of its more recondite endeavors, like the unprecedented *History of the Scientific and Cultural Development of Mankind* that it is sponsoring—all these activities add up to a significant new chapter in the story of international co-operation.

But in growing up, UNESCO has also lost a great deal. The vitality that the organization derived from the intellectual vigor and the strong personalities of its first two directors-general has largely spent itself. Bureaucratic boredom has replaced the idealistic if sometimes utopian enthusiasm of its beginnings. Doubtless, in the postwar euphoria that colored the London conference of November, 1945, where the organization was created, its founders set themselves an appalling task when, in the grandiose language of UNESCO's constitution, they undertook to "contribute to peace and security by promoting collaboration among the nations through education, science and culture in order to further universal respect for justice, for the rule of law and for human rights and fundamental freedoms. . . ." Indirectly, UNESCO probably has made some modest contribution to these objectives, but as the authors rightly point out, "UNESCO has been least successful in making direct and immediate contributions to international understanding."

THE MAIN REASON for this failure, of course, the power struggle in the world since 1946, which has largely paralyzed the work of the U.N. as a whole. But there are also several more specific reasons. One, to which in my opinion the book does not give quite enough weight, is the excessive fragmentation of the en-

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tire U.N. system. There are serious drawbacks as well as some advantages in separating the "constructive" from the "political" functions of the United Nations and in assigning the former to a series of specialized agencies, inspired in part by the U.S. wartime agencies, with headquarters scattered throughout five countries. From the public-relations viewpoint—with which I was chiefly concerned when I worked in UNESCO—the way the system works makes it difficult to show how the concrete achievements of a single agency fit into the broader framework of U.N. objectives. What is probably worse, it leads to windy, inflated claims of triumphs for international understanding every time a case of UNESCO educational aids reaches some jungle classroom. The result is public apathy with regard to UNESCO and the work of the United Nations in general.

At the level of substantive policy, the isolation of UNESCO from the parent organization is even more harmful. As international developments have recently demonstrated, science and education are essential areas of a country's domestic as well as foreign policy. Yet the international organization directly concerned with them on behalf of the U.N. remains locked in an administrative ivory tower. UNESCO resolutions, reports, and studies have little impact on the policies of the member states. The individuals in each country who concern themselves with UNESCO affairs seldom have any voice in shaping general policy, and the specialists in politics, economics, or strategy who do are often illiterates in any field other than their own. The authors point out that "... the United States government has not always seemed to understand what could be done by co-operative action through UNESCO to achieve the goals of the United Nations and those of United States foreign policy."

This mild comment has particular weight coming from such a source, for Dr. Laves has served as chairman of the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO, and Mr. Thomson, before representing his country on UNESCO's executive board, was head of the UNESCO Relations Staff in the Department of State. As the authors pointedly observe, this staff, which has policy supervision over UNESCO matters, reports to the Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, while another Assistant Secretary of State has general oversight of United Nations affairs, including constitutional, administrative, budgetary, and personnel questions relating to UNESCO. The book lists a number of specific areas in which our government has undermined with one hand what it has tried to build up with the other.

Laves and Thomson appear to have written their book mainly for the serious student of UNESCO and U.N. affairs, for whom the copious appendix of bibliographical and other notes will be an extremely valuable research tool. But there is also much of interest in the book for the general reader. The chapters summarizing the prewar history of international attempts at intellectual co-operation, relating the immediate origins of UNESCO, and analyzing the organization's over-all record to date are particularly rewarding.

IN THE MAIN, the book is clearly and smoothly written, but understandably enough, the authors occasionally fall into the gruesome gobbledygook that is one of UNESCO's minor but painful afflictions. The book's one really serious weakness, it seems to me, is the authors' self-imposed restriction of their field. They are primarily concerned with the evolution of UNESCO's program, a somewhat artificial subject since, as the authors frequently remark, the member states never really do much about applying it.

Further Notes On This Happy Breed

DENNIS H. WRONG

THE USES OF LITERACY, by Richard Hoggart. *Essential Books. $5.*

The excellence of some books moves one to feel a quiet sense of gratitude that they have been written and published and are now able to communicate to others their powerful grasp of reality. George Orwell often had this effect on his readers, and Richard Hoggart's *The Uses of Literacy* is

reminiscent of Orwell in this and in other respects. I doubt that a better book on what has come to be called "mass" or "popular" culture has been written. It should serve as a model for all future studies of this modish subject.

Hoggart is an English literary critic, the author of a study of W. H. Auden. He is also one of the growing number of English scholars and intellectuals who have risen by means of state scholarships from the working classes. But although he is distressed by a good many trends in contemporary English life, he cannot be labeled an "angry young man." He has a remarkable freedom from cant and attitudinizing in discussing a subject that often moves even the best minds to "aristocratic" rantings about the lumpish masses or apocalyptic prophecies of the "dehumanization of man."

HOGGART'S firsthand knowledge of the working classes enables him to see their entertainments and diversions against the background of their total round of life and thus to avoid the frequently committed error of assuming a depth of response to TV, movies, crime shockers, and girlie magazines that may be nonexistent. Much of the first

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half of *The Uses of Literacy,* in fact, is an intensive exploration of life in the industrial suburbs of Manchester, Hull, and Leeds, describing, among other things, speech habits and maxims that embody an oral culture of surprising durability, the routines of family and household, and the startling transitions from irresponsible pleasure seeking to marriage and work that mark the process of growing up.

Nearly everything one would find in a more formal study is here, but few social scientists can match Hog-

gart's skill in conveying daily experience. Small details of life—the foods that are bought only occasionally as "treats," the mood of a Sunday morning before the midday meal, the rituals of a day's outing by charabanc to the seaside—are described with that evocative richness which is found only in remembrances of the magical buried life of childhood. But Hoggart is sensitive to the dangers of coloring his account with nostalgia, romantic primitivism, or selective evidence, and he makes an effort to supplement his observations with citations from sociological studies and the personal recollections of others. His aim is not autobiography but cultural documentation.

THE SECOND HALF of the book examines the impact of the newer, more highly commercialized modes of "mass culture" on the traditional culture of the working classes. Hoggart casts his net rather more widely than the title of the book suggests: although he limits himself to occasional side references to the media of radio, television, and the movies, he devotes as much attention to commercial popular songs (and not just to their lyrics but also to the vocal style and histrionic manner in which they are sung) and to the drawings and pinup photos in weekly magazines as to purely literary genres like the serial story and the sex-and-violence novel. Moreover, he analyzes with great penetration the implicit moral attitudes communicated by the stream of slogans, appeals, and adjurations addressed to a working-class audience that has only recently acquired enough money and leisure time to make its commercial exploitation profitable.

What disturbs Hoggart is the manner in which older attitudes, representing a genuine response to a narrow, often coarse, but still intensely plebeian way of life, are being subtly transformed and debased by the calculated flattery of the mass media. Democratic equalitarianism, which has done so much to improve the material conditions of the working class, becomes the cultural leveling implicit in the adman's "Everybody's doing it now." "Live and let live" becomes compulsory "palliness." And "Chins up" in the face of adversity acquires a self-applauding note after passing through the wringer of commercial appeals; it blurs the reality of life's hardships, which the stoicism of the older attitude never failed to acknowledge.

"HIGHBROW BAITING," which was previously a middle-class phenomenon, spreads in this mental climate as the newer types of popular journalist make "the flat assumption that the lowest level of response and interest only is *de rigueur.*" This is, of course, an old story in the United States, and one is struck with the

greater geniality of popular anti-intellectualism in England. The obsessive, paranoid tone of American "egghead baiting" is absent. Culturally, however, it is the same phenomenon.

What is distinctive about Hoggart's indictment of commercial culture is his concreteness, his readiness to specify and to make discriminations within the broad expanse of the popular arts. He *shows* us precisely where and in what respects cultural decline has occurred in the genres he analyzes, subjecting, for instance, changes in the techniques of erotically suggestive photography to the kind of close scrutiny that contemporary literary critics apply to the explication of a Wallace Stevens poem. And he clearly distinguishes between culture and politics, refusing to enlist the cultural evidence in the service of some brand of refurbished classical conservatism.

NOR DOES he base his judgments solely on aesthetic criteria, giving the impression, often conveyed by American critics of mass culture, that he is congratulating himself on his refinement and dedication to "true" art. Like Orwell, he has an affection for "good bad" books and for "good bad" songs and pictures too. And he avoids the sentimentality of calling what he likes in the popular arts "authentic folk creations." Essentially, it is the moral quality of the outlook extolled by the adman and the disc jockey that worries him, and he works harder at pointing out the relation between their threadbare homilies and older, richer values than at analyzing the borrowed and corrupted techniques of private-eye crime thrillers or doggerel songs.

"The strongest objection to the more trivial popular entertainments," he concludes, "is not that they prevent their readers from becoming highbrow, but that they make it harder for people without an intellectual bent to become wise in their own way. . . . The quality of life, the kind of response, the rootedness in a wisdom and maturity which a popular and non-highbrow art can possess may be as valuable in their own ways as those of a highbrow art. . . . Popular publicists always tell their audience that they need not be ashamed of not being highbrow, that they have their own kinds of maturity. This is true, but it becomes false the moment such people say it, because of the way they say it . . ."

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A Childhood In Diamantina

HOWARD MOSS

THE DIARY OF "HELENA MORLEY," edited and translated from the Portuguese by Elizabeth Bishop. *Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy. $4.75.*

Adult versions of adolescence are always suspect—memory is a great distorter. *The Diary of "Helena Morley"* is the real thing, a documentary. These notebooks were actually kept by a half-English, half-Brazilian girl who lived in Diamantina, a diamond- and gold-mining town in Brazil in the last century, and who wrote them between the ages of twelve and fifteen, in the years 1893-1895. The events she describes are the commonplaces of everyday life, yet it is precisely the familiar made fresh that is magical.

Like all diaries, this one is a chronology of events, a collection of anecdotes, and a record of inner feelings. Miss Morley's images are drawn from the natural world, and her portraits exhibit a gift of sharp observation:

"What I think is funniest on election day is that everyone takes sides and nobody forgives anyone who votes the other way. . . . After the election nobody remembers it anymore."

"I've noticed that the conversation of grown-ups is always the same."

IT IS NEITHER observation nor insight that ultimately intrigues us, however, but the universality of adolescence itself. In spite of the difference of period and setting, the agonies and pleasures are so accurately seen and so guilelessly recorded as to be immediately recognizable.

Miss Morley is a natural skeptic; her disinterestedness is only partly flavored by the peculiar circumstance of being descended, on her father's side, from the only Protestant family that ever settled in Diamantina. Her mother and grandmother are devout Catholics; her father is a lax convert. She wavers between religious viewpoints, or none, and has known something of his feeling of being an outsider: "My grandfather wasn't buried in the Church because he was a Protestant; he was buried in front of the Charity Hospital . . ."

DIAMANTINA must have been something like our frontier towns in its provinciality. Even the time of day was a matter of conjecture:

"In Cavalhada only the men have watches. Those who live in the middle of town don't feel the lack of them because almost all the churches have clocks in their towers. But when papa isn't home the mistakes we make about the hours are really funny . . . the rooster is mama's watch, which doesn't run very well. It's already fooled us several times . . ."

Even though Diamantina was poverty-stricken and isolated, the total impression of these diaries is of a rural human comedy. Aside from the family, there are the miscellaneous types one finds in any good rambling country novel. To Miss Morley, luckily, these people were not character actors—the book is marvelously free of whimsy—but simply human beings who existed around her. Mere innocence, rather than artistry, achieves a difficult effect: the specific individual includes and overlaps the general stereotype.

The most interesting social group in the diaries is the freed slaves. Emancipated in 1888, the able-bodied Negro men left for the big cities; most of the Negro women, their children, and the old people chose to stay on with their former masters. At first, they seem tightly woven into the fabric of society, but little by little, despite the solicitude of many of the white people, Miss Morley's grandmother in particular, we see that they are, in reality, set apart:

"I think that if the little girl had

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been white, mama wouldn't have minded. But she always scolds if we nurse Negro babies. Is it their fault if the poor little things are black. I don't make any distinction, I like them all."

THE TEXTURE of human affections and the structure of social life are marked by patterns no longer stitched together and not yet quite torn apart. Though there was not the bitterness that follows civil war, mores persisted after their legal sanction had disappeared. But one fact tended to bind people together: mining ore was risky. Economically, people survived by a kind of reciprocal trade agreement—the barter and sale of homemade products.

One of Miss Morley's entries is: "Who knows if in the future there won't be many more inventions than there are today? José Rabelo spends all his time weighing vultures on the scales in order to invent a flying-machine."

Though there are, in all probability, more flying machines than vultures overhead there now, Diamantina still exists. And so does "Helena Morley" in the person of Senhora Augusto Mario Caldeira Brant, now seventy-six, the wife of the president of the Bank of Brazil. She has never published another word. But these excellently translated diaries preserve the Diamantina of her childhood, and childhood itself. «»

The Pitfalls Of Righteousness

PERRY MILLER

THE PURITAN DILEMMA: THE STORY OF JOHN WINTHROP, by Edmund S. Morgan. *Little, Brown. $3.50.*

Edmund Morgan finds in his biography of the first, the majestic governor of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay an exemplification of a social "dilemma," which he defines as "the problem of doing right in a world that does wrong." Those of us who have happily divested ourselves of Puritanism, together with the millions of modern Americans who have no taint of Puritanism in their genealogy, many well object that this dilemma is simply what any well-intentioned citizen confronts. Why allow Puritans to monopolize it?

Winthrop led the migration to New England in 1630 and remained the most powerful figure, whether in or out of office, until his death in 1649. Mr. Morgan's compact, eminently readable account of his stewardship makes it clear that here we do meet a prefiguration of something that has persisted as a peculiarly American dilemma.

The pioneer Puritans entertained an idea of a Christian society more radical and more rigorous than any other community, including Geneva, dared imagine—wherein, as Winthrop said, "the least known evills are not to be tollerated." Winthrop's problem thereupon became how to conduct himself as a member of the City of God while serving as a magistrate for an earthly society. Pure as the Puritans strove to make their order, they generated the dissidence of dissent: Winthrop had to subdue the centrifugal passions of Roger Williams, Anne Hutchinson, Dr. Robert Child. In the endeavor to hold his people together and to force them to fulfill their mission, the governor employed both cunning and force, and many times compromised with the imperfections of the saints.

Because the founders of New England were so articulate, and especially because Winthrop so masterfully expounded the theory of this dedicated company—of the "city set on a hill"—for all the profane to admire, the Puritans bequeathed to the subsequent Republic an imperative to excel all others in corporate virtue. In that sense, John Winthrop, though of course thinking himself an Englishman, is actually the first American politician with a vision. He may be seen as setting the stage for a Lincoln, a Wilson, or a Franklin Roosevelt.

WHEN A SOCIETY—or an administration—is pursuing a course that a righteous man considers morally wrong, shall he withdraw from it in order to keep his principles intact, or shall he try to work with faulty instruments? In England, John Winthrop had inherited the manor of Groton, which his grandfather purchased from Henry VIII after that worthy confiscated the properties of the monasteries. This exercise of eminent domain had not seemed morally wrong to the Winthrops, but the failure of James I and Charles I to reform the Church of England according to Puritan readings of the New Testament appeared so reprehensible to John Winthrop that he abandoned his estate, where he might have lingered as a comfortable squire, and led this exodus into the wilderness.

In relation to the established form of England, John Winthrop was "radical." In the holy community of Massachusetts, forced to restrain the "separatist" tendencies of the most radical Puritans, Winthrop stands as the first, and indeed the formative, American conservative. Government is established over men, he said, for their own good, and the only liberty they have is the liberty to submit. Yet he saw nothing inconsistent between his English profession and his New England practice. Herein, though Winthrop could not foresee the consequences, he set a pattern for the dealings of a later America with old Europe, whether these were to be worked out in the novels of Henry James or, less sentiently, in the diplomacy of John Foster Dulles.

Mr. Morgan's narrative is fresh and flowing, sympathetic yet shrewdly analytical. John Winthrop, he concludes, was the first but not the last American to wrestle with the dilemma. He leaves it at that, concentrating on the purely seventeenth-century context of a commonwealth professing absolute adherence to the doctrine of innate depravity, yet striving, in a new land, to achieve perfection.

We leap ahead to speculate about

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how a nation which, thanks in great part to the Puritans, cherishes a built-in conviction of inherent righteousness can deal with a world it believes to be profoundly immoral. The whole situation becomes especially curious when we recollect how Anglicans in the seventeenth century considered John Winthrop's holy society a monumental hypocrisy.

The Long Happy Life Of a Victorian Painter

JAY JACOBS

A VICTORIAN CANVAS: THE MEMOIRS OF W. P. FRITH, R.A. Edited with an introduction by Nevile Wallis. Illustrated. *Macmillan. $5.*

At the height of his popularity, the English genre painter William Powell Frith was so successful—and so lacking in inspiration—that he was able to offer a reward of two hundred pounds to anyone who would supply him with a paintable subject. During the third quarter of the nineteenth century, Frith's prolix canvases attracted record crowds to the galleries in which they were shown, sold for unprecedented sums, and were copied in engravings that became "best-sellers" throughout Britain and on the Continent. His work was compared by his contemporaries with the best of Cimabue, Hogarth, Watteau, and the "little masters" of Holland; it gained him the favor of his queen and the friendship of many illustrious personages. Today Frith is remembered only by specialists—and is not highly regarded by most of them.

Nevile Wallis has done modern readers a distinct service by pruning Frith's rambling reminiscences down to manageable dimensions. He does, however, tend to let his fondness for his subject obscure his objectivity, and concludes that the time is ripe for the "long pendulum" of history to swing back in Frith's favor. While Frith, as revealed in his memoirs, is attractive enough to warrant this sort of wishful thinking, it is characteristic of pendulums to return to the same place but never to the same point in time. Without an almost exact duplication of the times in which Frith flourished, it is hard to see how his painting can ever again be very highly esteemed.

In order to convey some idea both of the nature of Frith's pictures and the critical standards of the age in which they were painted and enjoyed, I quote a passage from an article on his "masterpiece," "The Railway Station," in which Tom Taylor, a popular Victorian critic and dramatist, uses up fifteen pages in merely describing the picture's subject matter:

"We will begin [Taylor begins] with the corner of the canvas to the right hand of the spectator. We have lighted, as it happens, on a miserable tragedy—one of those ignobler dramas which have their *dénouement* in the dock of a criminal court. The man, who is just stepping into the carriage, much muffled up in wrappers and overcoats, and whose lately-shaven face turns to a ghastly green pallor, as he feels the officer's heavy hand on his shoulder, is one of the Robson or Redpath order—a fraudulent banker, or actuary, bank cashier, or railway clerk—who has long been carrying on his embezzlements, and is now arrested just on the threshold of sanctuary . . ."

At this point, he embarks on a two-page digression in which he minutely describes the *modus operandi* of British detectives ("as a rule they are above disguises"). Then, returning—and warming—to his subject, he tells his readers to "Look at the pale, worn woman—her eyes sunken and red with tears and sleeplessness—who from the carriage watches the arrest with anguish."

In the course of his little *comédie humaine,* Taylor comes up with lines that as art criticism seem as hilarious—though more comprehensible—to us today as today's art

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journals would have seemed to him: "That her pet-sister is married is no satisfaction to this poor little maiden . . . But rip and reprobate as the fellow is, he has a mother . . . Her disease, we all know, is contagious," and, finally, "Fido is doomed to the dog-van!"

Victoria Was Amused

Frith was born in 1819 (as was Ruskin, one of the few Victorians who were somewhat less than enthusiastic about his work), lived an easy, pleasant ninety years, and died in 1909, eight years after his patroness the queen, and about the time that art, as he understood it, was giving up *its* embattled ghost. He seems to have gone to his reward steadfastly believing that such "crazes" as Pre-Raphaelitism and Impressionism were strictly ephemeral phenomena (which they were), and that eventually real art, the painting of anecdote, would come into favor again (which it never can).

These memoirs were originally published in 1887 and 1888, when Frith was not yet seventy. What we have here are the fond, sprawling memories of an undistinguished raconteur, devoid of pattern or chronology—and even, at times, of point.

Frith wrote in much the same style as he painted; sentimentally and externally, crowding his surfaces with figures, seeing only the local color of his subjects and investing them with no reflected light, making up in diversity and detail what he lacked in inspiration and understanding. His long life, coupled with his early success, made it possible for him to meet almost every person of any consequence in England. If he is unable to provide us with any insights into the notable intellects of his time, it is because he was himself as two-dimensional as a character from the pen of his beloved Dickens, and utterly incapable of appraising people or events at anything above or below face value. Since he lacked any propensity to or talent for analysis, these memoirs are a kind of catchall into which his reminiscences have been dumped willy-nilly, treasure and trash heaped together, with no more store set by the one than the other.

While he also lacked the "sacred flame" (as he himself cheerfully admitted) that impels—and occasionally consumes—the truly great painters, Frith had a simple, direct warmth of heart that endeared him to a great many of his contemporaries and that illumines his artlessly written pages. Eminently satisfied with the even tenor of his own good life, he was unreservedly proud of his successful friends, genuinely sympathetic toward those who were not

sufficiently endowed with talent to shine in the Victorian firmament. He seems not to have had an envious or vindictive bone in his body.

Frith's recollections of the great men and women of his day are confined almost exclusively to anecdotes or simple word sketches, many of which seem to have been included in his books simply because the old boy was a bit of a name dropper. He met the two giants of British painting, Turner (whose seat in the Royal Academy he was destined one day to occupy) and, early in his career, Constable; and while he writes of them respectfully, he seems to have had little understanding of their work. Victoria and Albert charmed him with their taste in pictures (they were partial to his own), and Wellington amused him with his pretended familiarity with them. Thackeray's earthiness "prejudiced" him, although "he had written a charming criticism of a picture of mine," and "had already given sufficient proof in literary work that he was a giant among men." Trollope he found "bluff, loud, stormy and contentious; neither a brilliant talker nor a good speaker; but a kinder-hearted man and a truer friend never lived." This last phrase, or variations of it, is like a refrain in the memoirs of this kindhearted man and true friend.

Of his great friend Dickens, Frith writes with an admiration touching idolatry: "Enter a pale young man . . . his right hand extended to me with a frank cordiality, and a friendly clasp, that never relaxed till the day of his untimely death."

A Nude in Tears

A good many of Frith's pages are devoted to matters which seem merely comic or bathetic today, but which he obviously expected to have an enlightening and sobering effect on his contemporaries. The harrowing consequences of marrying outside one's class; the tragic fate that awaits young brides who take to the bottle in the absence of their mates; the martyrdom of a respectable maiden who sat "that way," in tears, before a class at the Royal Academy in order to keep her poor father from debtor's prison—these are some of the subjects "which may interest my readers." Many more of his stories concern his fellow academicians, Landseer, Eastlake, Maclise, Augustus Egg, and Mulready, all of whom were considered great painters in their day ("I find myself and Maclise the guns this year") and all of whom are now largely forgotten—or remembered with derision. How many of this year's guns are destined to follow them into obscurity?

Since I have stressed the negative aspects of *A Victorian Canvas,* I hope I will not be reversing my field too abruptly if I close by recommending it. It is pleasant to spend an evening in the company of a kindly, complacent, and uncomplicated old gentleman; a trifle pompous and a bit of a bore, yes, but representative of a good part of the best of a way of life which won't be seen again, and which had, its errors and its conceits notwithstanding, much to recommend it: an old man who typifies and unwittingly illuminates many facets of life as it was lived when Victoria wore the crown, when words like "d —— n" could be found in print, when God was in His heaven and all was right with an R.A.'s world.

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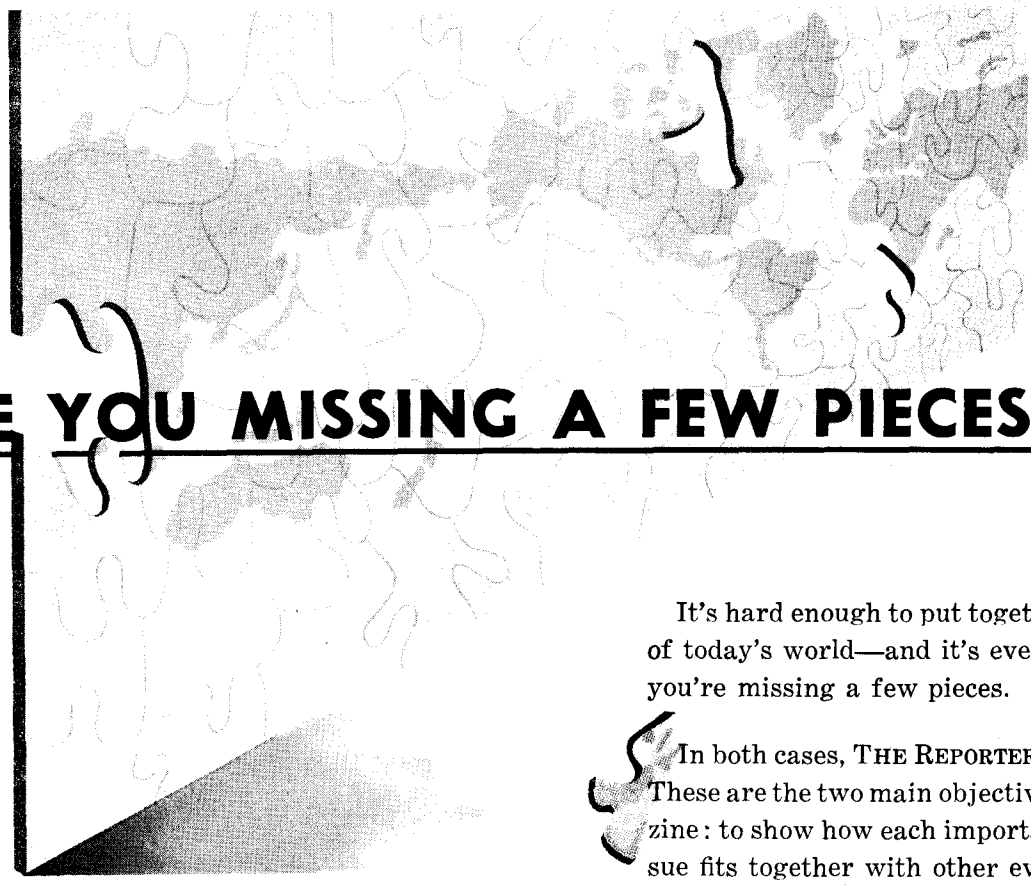

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